

The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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AN ELEPHANT'S NIGHT OUT

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HISTORY IN PARK LANE

A COLLECTION OF RARE OLD THINGS

Beautiful Work From the Fingers of an English Queen STITCH, STITCH, STITCH

It was a Sunday evening in March, and all the people who had thronged the branching marble staircase of a great house in Park Lane were gone.

It was quiet now. The pink and blue and white hyacinths blooming in scores round the foot of the statue in the hall were dim; the light above the wonderful portrait of a dark-haired woman on the stairs had not yet been switched on to show what Sargent's brush could do.

There was no longer a trimly-starved nurse with a collecting-box waiting for visitors; and the man at the turnstile had vanished.

What a Child Saw

But upstairs, under the ceilings so fantastically painted like clouds, a child who loved history was wandering. There were still assembled there marvellous old chairs and bits of needlework from some of the most ardent collectors in England, which would all be scattered tomorrow probably for ever.

The child hurried from one to another. First she gazed on the very veil worn by Mary Queen of Scots at her execution, the border worked with Latin words by Jesuit nuns. Such a dainty thing of white soft stuff tenderly adorned with little golden sequins! "Tell me your story," the child murmured; and it seemed as if the veil whispered something in return about that far-away day in February when Mary's white hands put it over her hair.

Elizabeth's Screen

But it was impossible to understand all the message of the veil, and the little girl wandered on and paused before a screen of soft browns and olive-greens worked by Queen Elizabeth and her ladies. "Tell me a story," murmured the child, and the screen seemed to respond. "Look at my carefully puckered braid," it appeared to say; "the proud, imperious Elizabeth had to be patient for once when she fashioned my design into such cunning curves. And see this portion on the left which has come loose; perhaps that piece was not quite so cautiously stitched as the rest, for maybe Her Majesty's thoughts ran at that moment on the gay Leicester or the gallant Drake."

The little girl walked on between lines of samplers and satin suits exquisitely embroidered with silken flowers, and paused before a case where lay two red velvet gloves curiously embroidered with silver. A thumb only was there to each, and a slit through which to thrust the rest of the fingers. And the gloves as it were, like the screen began to talk. "We were worn at the coronation

Good-Bye to the Ox-Cart



A water-cart drawn by oxen



An ox-cart led by a little girl in Oporto

Ever since Roman times ox-carts have been used in Portugal, but now Oporto has decided not to license any more. These picturesque but slow vehicles are in the way of motor traffic in the streets, and they will gradually disappear. Two typical ox-carts are shown in these pictures. See page 5.

of King Edward the Sixth. The boy King drew us over his slender wrists. We are as sound as ever we were, having been religiously preserved by the Northumberland family."

Then the child drew close, and said timidly "I'm afraid I've rather forgotten about the time in which you were made," and a voice answered: "Haven't you got a brother at Sherborne School? Why, in my king's time that place of learning was founded. Little King Edward was only ten, not quite ten, when he came to the throne, but he was a bright boy, and—"

Just then came a voice louder and human from another gallery, summoning the child, telling her it was time to leave. So the story of the crimson and silver gloves could not fully be told, nor could the story of the State Bonnet of the

Doge of Venice in stiff gold brocade which lay close by and had been lent by the Lancaster Herald. There was no chance for it to tell its story of the strange fortunes of the Contarini family, which gave to the Republic eight Doges and other officials of note.

And now, perhaps, we had better explain that all this took place at an exhibition of Early English Needlework and Furniture in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital held at the house of Sir Philip Sassoon in Park Lane, where the most wonderful treasures were assembled out of the precious store of historical relics loved and cherished in private today. We are glad to think that so many old beautiful things came together to ensure that sick people should be provided with the means of becoming young and beautiful with good health.

A COPENHAGEN WAIF

WHOSE IS IT?

A Problem for the Streets of the Danish Capital

QUEER STORY OF A TOWER

A waif, whether it be a cat, a dog, or a child, always arouses a certain amount of interest; so it is hardly to be wondered at if the inhabitants of Copenhagen are in a state of ferment over their latest waif, which happens to be a church tower!

But is it a church tower or is it not? That is precisely part of the question which is agitating the good people of Copenhagen. For 288 years it has been regarded as an appendage of the Church of Holy Trinity in the same street, having been built by the same architect, and having at present no other visible function. But the truth is that it was originally used as an observatory by King Christian the Fourth.

Peter the Great and the Cossack

A strangely ugly tower, low and squat, it is nevertheless beloved of the townfolk, who forgive it even its inconvenient situation in the very middle of a street for the sake of the many stories attached to it. One of these has it that the Russian Tsar, Peter the Great, having ridden up the broad staircase to the top of the tower one day, and wishing to test the devotion of his Cossack servant, bade the man throw himself over the parapet into the street.

Without an instant's hesitation the man made the sign of the Cross and rushed forward, prepared to hurl himself into space. The Tsar caught him only just in time to prevent his carrying out the jesting order in bitter earnest. King Christian is said to have been so delighted when he heard this story that he conferred a life-saving medal on the Tsar and hung it round his neck!

Back to Its Original Use

But all this does not explain why the tower should be looked on as a waif. The fact is that the Municipality of Copenhagen, wishing to convert the tower back to its original use as an observatory, has invited the owner, whoever he may be, to come forward to prove his ownership by a fixed date, failing which the authorities will carry out their intention. No owner has come forward, which proves the tower to be as much of a waif as a stray dog or an orphaned child, and the Church of Holy Trinity has no valid claim, being itself 13 years younger than the tower, while King Christian's House has been extinct these 64 years.

So, much as Copenhagen dislikes the idea of having its old tower meddled with, it seems a foregone conclusion that it will become an observatory once again. If this should be its fate it may yet do further good service to the cause of science.

ONE OF THE WAR TROUBLES

A TOUGH NUT FOR THE LEAGUE

Rumanian Government and Hungary's Old Landowners

WHAT IT IS ALL ABOUT

There can be no doubt that the influence of the League Council in composing quarrels among the members of the League grows steadily with the years, but one bitter quarrel has so far defied all its efforts.

This is the dispute between Hungary and Rumania about the compensation to be paid to Hungarian landowners in Transylvania whose land has been taken for the peasants.

The Question of Compensation

One of the most tremendous results of the war throughout Eastern Europe, except in Hungary, was this taking away of the land from the great landowners everywhere and making the actual tillers of the soil its owners. When cataclysms of this kind happen in times of revolutionary change people do not worry much as a rule about fair compensation. But cutting across this movement are the clauses in the Peace Treaties about compensation to be paid to citizens of one country who were owners of property in territory transferred to another country.

One of these clauses provides that in Transylvania, which was ceded by Hungary to Rumania, Magyars who do not wish to become Rumanian subjects may retain their Hungarian nationality and retire within Hungary's new frontiers. If they are not to retain their property in Transylvania they must be properly compensated for it, and a Mixed Tribunal was set up to hear and decide their claims.

Rumania's Objections

But when Rumania found that this procedure was to be followed in regard to the dispossessed landowners she protested that she could not agree to it. Though only 25 per cent of the people of Transylvania are Magyars, 90 per cent of the former landowners there are Magyars who under Hungary formed the ruling class, oppressing the Rumanian peasantry. If the Magyars who had retired into Hungary proper were to be compensated in full all the other landowners would be demanding the same treatment and Rumania would become liable for a sum many times larger than the whole of her national budget.

Rumania said the transference of the land to the peasantry had taken place by the action of the people themselves before ever they were joined to Rumania, and long before the treaty was signed, although the law formally recognising the transfer was of later date. She never dreamed, she said, when she accepted the clause in the treaty about compensation that it would be held to apply to this mass transfer, which she regarded as over and done with.

Seeking a Way Out

The Mixed Tribunal, when some dispossessed owners brought their cases before it, overruled the Rumanian objection and declared itself competent to fix the compensation to be paid. Thereupon the Rumanian Government withdrew its representative from the Tribunal, so destroying its power to act. The treaty requires the League Council to make an appointment of its own where a Government refuses to do its part, so that Rumania's action was a direct challenge to the Council.

But the Council was anxious not to ride roughshod over Rumania, and begged the combatants to come to an agreement on their own account. Sir Austen Chamberlain, as Reporter for the Committee which considered the

POLAND AND ITS SMALL NEIGHBOUR

Peace Still Waits

Peace is still lacking between Poland and Lithuania, in spite of the measure of agreement reached between their representatives at the League Council meeting in December.

That measure has happily proved sufficient to prevent the outbreak of hostilities which had been openly threatened for the end of the year.

But the frontier between the countries is still closed and nothing may pass over it, neither messages of peace nor the everyday post. At the request of the League Council, the Dutch member gave a full account of the present state of affairs and will bring it again before the June session. He has also offered his services to both the countries if there is anything he can do to help to restore friendly relations.

We, with our sea boundary, can only dimly conceive the difficulties that arise when two steps across a field are sufficient to take one into another country, possibly a hostile one. Central Europe cannot so easily forget the war and its disastrous results.

A SOLDIER OF PEACE

Bring Our Troops Back From the Rhine

That fine soldier Sir Ian Hamilton has once more spoken the growing conviction of his countrymen in asking that British troops should leave the Rhine.

We should withdraw them, he says, in the firm belief that if we do so resolutely the other Armies of Occupation must follow our example. It is for us to draw closer to our former enemies, bringing our Allies along with us.

There are deep forces at work, he says, whose interest it is to keep the nations disunited, and the dispute over the Nurse Cavell film shows that they are still bitter and disunited. It is our work to change all this and make the world a peaceful place.

NOT WOMAN'S WORK

Too Good to be Barmaids

There are three places in the world where they think women are too good for bad work.

In Prague, the capital of Czechoslovakia, no woman may serve alcohol.

In New Zealand no woman may serve alcohol, unless she was so employed before 1911. In the Australian States of Victoria and the South no women are allowed to become barmaids, but those who have followed the calling for years may continue to do so. When they retire or die no other girls will be permitted to sell drink and be exposed to the ugly sights and sounds of a bar.

Doctors and social reformers alike say that Drink is responsible for infinite degradation and misery. Surely these nations are right to feel that womanhood should not be employed in such a traffic.

Continued from the previous column

matter, put forward two solutions of the deadlock at two meetings of the Council.

The first Rumania accepted but Hungary rejected, and the second Hungary accepted but Rumania rejected. However, after every member of the Council had pleaded eloquently with him to give way the Rumanian Foreign Minister did promise to consult his Government before the next Council meeting, though he held out little hope that they would change their mind.

In the end the Council of the League decided to reconstitute the Arbitration Tribunal which has already looked into the matter, and add to it two neutral judges. The new Tribunal will report to the Council next June, and it is hoped both nations will be able to accept its decision.

A WREATH IN THE DANUBE

REMEMBERED AFTER FOUR CENTURIES

The Cruel Things That Happened in the Bad Old Days

A MARTYR AND HIS WIFE

The Viennese crowds were puzzled the other day when a party of foreigners gathered on a bridge and dropped a wreath into the Danube. The little ceremony commemorated a deed done in the days when men seemed to see

*Right for ever on the scaffold,
Wrong for ever on the throne.*

In 1480 a man named Balthasar Hubmaier was born. He became a great scholar and a fearless thinker, and he married a woman equally courageous. It was the time when Luther had raised the standard of Protestantism, but now a new sect appeared called Anabaptists.

Two Thousand Executions

The chief difference between them and the Lutherans was that they thought only grown-up people ought to be baptised. For this heresy they were condemned by Lutherans, Roman Catholics, and the secular powers. In 1526 the persecution began, and by 1530 about 2000 Anabaptists had been executed.

Hubmaier, Grebel, and Blaurock, three learned men, were the leaders of the movement, and in spite of the fearful penalties they refused to belie their consciences and were all martyred. On March 10, 1528, Hubmaier was burned at the stake. His brave wife had a stone tied round her neck and was thrown into the river. Others less fortunate were tortured before being killed.

Admiration and Hatred

But such was the courage with which they bore suffering that it won the admiration even of those who hated their doctrines, and a cardinal wrote of them: *They are far readier than followers of Luther and Zwingli to meet death and bear the hardest tortures for their faith.*

The foreigners who puzzled modern Vienna the other day were Baptist delegates from England, America, and other lands. They had come to lay wreaths on the place where Hubmaier was burned and drop wreaths into the river which drowned his brave wife. Little did the executioners think that their cruel day's work would be remembered after four centuries and prove to be a more powerful sermon than the victim ever preached.

A PECK OF MARCH DUST

And the Dust of the Town

A big town like London feels a glow of satisfaction when new buildings are going up and old ones coming down, but a London doctor now warns us that the dust from buildings which blows about the streets is causing noticeable damage to London's eyesight.

In the country they say a peck of March dust is worth a king's ransom, meaning that the farmer's fields are drying up ready for seed-time. But in towns the March dust sows the seeds of sore throats as well as sore eyes. It is often a germ-laden dust on which the germ-killing rays of the Sun have not had the opportunity to bear.

The eyes of the town-dwellers have much to put up with nowadays. Screened by bricks and mortar from looking on far horizons they become short-sighted by disuse. The dust of streets raised by the many motor vehicles, the powdery dust of buildings being pulled down, the smoky dust from millions of chimneys, all assail them.

Not least, and as many think worst, is the petrol-laden dust which comes from the exhaust gases of motor-engines. To some susceptible people this is the worst dust of all.

A KNIGHT OF ASHANTI COMING TO TOWN

ORATOR OF THE GOLD COAST

An African Who Wishes to Remain an African

HELPER OF HIS PEOPLE

At the end of May a very great African gentleman will be coming to London to see the King and receive from him the honour of knighthood.

Nana Sir Ofori Atta, the Omanhene of Akim Abuakwa, in the land of Ashanti, is the first African to receive a knighthood, which was conferred upon him at the beginning of this year. It means a very great thing to him and his people, so much so that he is leaving his country for the first time in his life to stand face to face with the King and speak to him.

And the Nana can speak. He is a member of the Legislative Council of the Gold Coast Colony, and one of its finest orators. His English is pure and cultured, and he speaks at length without a note to help him, and always to the point. Yet, although he is a man of such high gifts and education, he believes it is wrong to educate his people to be imitation Europeans. He wants the African to remain an African. So he never wears European clothes, and when he comes to England he will be dressed in his own splendid and dignified robes of state.

A Handsome Young Man

The Nana is still a young man, rather stout, but extremely handsome, with a frank and open face, and eyes looking straight at you when he speaks to you. He has the greatest pride in the traditions and moral standards of his own country, yet he is most anxious that his countrymen should get all the benefit they can from the material progress of the white man. That is why he is a keen and devoted supporter of the trade school at Kibi, one of the four new schools which have been organised for the Gold Coast to teach the young natives trades. They are splendid young athletes, the boys of the four schools of Kibi, Mampong, Assuantsi, and Yendi, very different from the sleek, affected youths of the coastal towns, who imitate every English fashion, and speak rather pathetically of the England they have never seen as "home."

It is this type which exercises the Nana's criticism. He does not want to see a horde of native lawyers and clerks created to swell professions already overcrowded; he wants craftsmen who will apply modern methods and improvements to the development of their own historic skill, and will make things wanted for use, instead of being merely talkers or reckoners of figures in store-books and ledgers.

THINGS SAID

England makes the music of the world.

Colonel R. H. Talton

The Universe is melting into radiation.

Dr. J. H. Jeans

I was born before the age of machine-worship.

A man of eighty-five

I want no profit derived from compromise with right.

Mr. Rockefeller, Junior

In twenty years we have made fifteen million Ford cars.

Mr. Henry Ford

The cock does the crowing but the hen delivers the goods.

Mr. Bromley Devonport

Time saved at a railroad crossing may be lost in the hospital.

A Motor Sign

We exist for all in distress; we carry the Gospel of Hope to city slum and country village.

Founder of the Church Army

DIGGING OUT AN OLD CHURCH

HISTORIC WALLS OF SAINT BARTHOLOMEW'S

A Wonderful Thing Going On Under Our Eyes

RUINS RESCUED FROM THE GRAVE OF TIME

In about a hundred years, when people go over the historic church of St. Bartholomew in Smithfield, they will say, "How marvellous! To think that these cloisters were once a stable!"

This fine piece of restoration is going on under our eyes and we scarcely give it a passing thought. If we go into the cloisters today we get the smell of stables. The place looks like a back-yard. Very soon it will look as it did four hundred years ago, before the cloisters were turned into homes for horses after the day's work.

Rahere's Vision

Among all the works of restoration and excavation going on all over the world this at St. Bartholomew's is England's peculiar pride. It is the only Norman church that escaped the Great Fire, and one of the most perfect examples of later Norman churches in the country. It has a wonderful story. Rahere, a Court jester of Henry the First, built this glorious pile. About 1120 he went on a pilgrimage to Rome, fell ill there, and vowed to build a hospital for the poor if only he might recover. He did recover. On his way back, however, he had a dream in which Saint Bartholomew appeared to him and said, "Rahere, do not build a hospital: build me a church in Smithfield."

Rahere contrived to do both, as all the world can see today. He was a lordly sort of jester and could afford the money. But death overtook him before the priory church was finished, and another man completed the work.

A Magnificent Relic

What we call St. Bartholomew's Church is really only the choir that Rahere built. To find the nave we have to go outside the church door, which stands near the spot where the transepts crossed the nave, and explore the site of the graveyard and go out into Smithfield itself. Those bare and much trodden stones were once the nave of his mighty church. To the south lay the monastic buildings and the cloister garth—a square space surrounded by an arcaded walk.

In the reign of Henry the Eighth a whole chapter of evil opened for St. Bartholomew's. The nave was destroyed. Fire, and sacrilege and the passing generations did their lamentable work. We can scarcely understand people who called themselves Christians treating a house of God so. There was a factory set up in the lady chapel, a blacksmith's forge in the north transept. The cloisters became stables.

Restoring the Cloisters

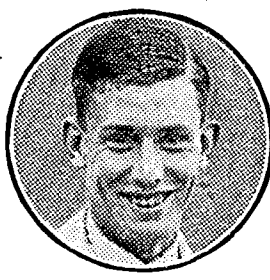
About 1905 the work of undoing this sad work of the past began. Three of the nine bays of the east cloister walk were picked out. At that time there were seven feet of earth lying on the original cloister floor. This earth horses' feet had stamped down pretty well. It had to be cleared away; and the same work has been necessary for the restoration of the remaining six bays.

The work has often stopped for want of money, but now it is nearing completion. Before long we shall be able to walk along that glorious stretch and feel that we have recovered something that is our own, something reclaimed from the neglect of centuries, from the grave of time.

THE BOAT RACE CREWS



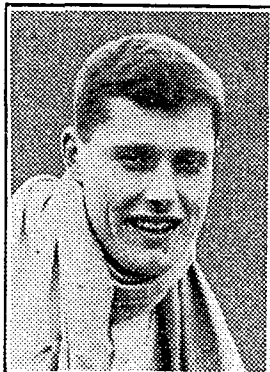
A. L. Sulley, cox



T. E. Letchworth, stroke



R. A. Symonds



J. B. Collins



J. C. Holcroft



R. Beesly



M. H. Warriner



M. N. Aldous



R. G. Michell

THE CAMBRIDGE CREW



Sir James Croft, cox



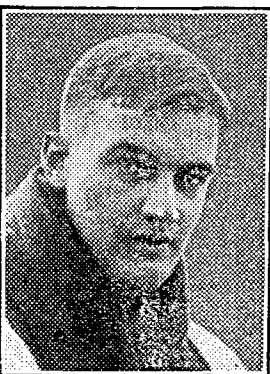
W. S. Llewellyn, stroke



P. W. Murray-Threpland



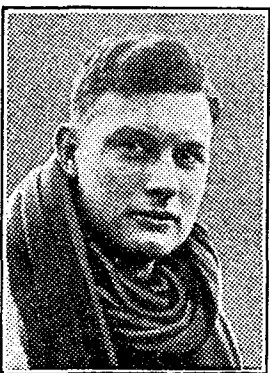
G. F. Godber



G. M. Brander



H. O. Morphet



N. E. Whiting



T. W. Shaw



M. C. Graham

THE OXFORD CREW

No event in the world of sport arouses greater interest, especially among boys and girls, than Oxford and Cambridge University Boat Race, which takes place on the Thames this Saturday. Here we give portraits of the two crews, which seem to be very evenly matched this year.

ITALY'S OLD PROBLEM

MUSSOLINI FACES CAESAR'S TROUBLE

Point That Lies Behind the National Rice Day

WHY THE ROMANS CAME TO BRITAIN

Italy, as already mentioned in the C.N., has had a national Rice Day, a festival in celebration of the virtue of rice as a home-grown food.

She is faced by the problem which vexed all the Caesars; she is not self-supporting in food, but has to buy wheat abroad, paying in cash, if she has not enough. Even when Rome was mistress of the world, with slave labour in abundance, she was always faced with the difficulty that her home supplies of food were inadequate. Tempests or enemies at sea struck at her breakfast table. Mussolini's problem was Caesar's problem too; it is 2000 years old.

Bread Riots in Rome

Shortage of food imports was regarded as evidence of anger on the part of the gods, or of the ill-doing of the emperors. Then there were turbulent processions to the Forum, often accompanied by dangerous riots. Tacitus describes one such crisis, when the hungry mob thrust the Emperor Claudius from his throne and hustled him like a slave.

The historian deplored Rome's reliance on outside sources. There seems little doubt that when Caesar came to Britain it was not political considerations alone or a passion for our pearls that urged him. Three centuries before, Pytheas, the old Greek navigator, had sailed up the British coast, landed, and described our abounding cornfields.

Corn and Slaves From Britain

With the eye of the judicious traveller he noted the teeming crops of Kent and the fact that owing to our damp climate the grain could not be threshed in the open as in the hot Mediterranean countries, but had to be dealt with in barns. He observed, too, that in the north of our land the tribes had to be content with oats, which suited better their still less-favourable climate. Here was a new source of corn for Caesar.

He wanted slaves too; the Roman conquerors were ill-esteemed if they did not make their campaigns self-supporting. British slaves in the marts of Rome, where flesh and blood were products, would provide the sinews of war. But Britain was famous for its horses, its savage dogs, and its wild bears. Dogs, bears, and slaves were assets for the Roman arenas. Captain Campbell, who is going to Rome to show the Romans how a Briton can drive a twentieth-century chariot, will race where our rude forefathers bled and died.

The World Demand for Wheat

Of course the relations between Rome and Britain were not all marked by brutality and greed. Rome gave us her culture; illustrious Britons enriched patrician Roman blood. It was a proud boast of the poet Martial that "even Britain is said to sing my verses." It elated him that his little parchment books had crossed Europe and the Channel to be read by a people whose tongue he could not speak, but who could read the Latin he wrote.

Times have changed. Italy is reduced to much smaller dimensions. Her hunger still exceeds her harvests. The East, home of the rice-eaters, is turning to wheat and consuming supplies once the unchallenged possession of the West. Italy no longer owns overseas granaries. She cannot buy from foreign growers, so she turns to the rice which the once unchanging East is now rejecting. And so a Rice Day is added to Italy's calendar.

LAST OF THE REFORM BILLS WONDERFUL CALM OF THE MODERNS

The Quiet Way Exciting Changes Come in These Days EQUAL VOTES FOR ALL

Our history books tell us what terrific excitement there was in the days of our grandfathers when Bills had to be passed giving the vote to a new section of the nation.

Bitter quarrels, riots, and even bloodshed, resulted. People believed that if the Bills were passed England's greatness would pass too, and ruin and desolation would cover the land. Yet here we are passing a new Reform Bill and there is no excitement at all. The contrast between then and now becomes all the more marvellous when we compare the figures involved. Here are the new voters made by the five great Reform Acts:

The Act of 1832 made ..	217,000
The Act of 1867 made ..	938,000
The Act of 1884 made ..	1,762,000
The Act of 1918 made ..	13,000,000
The Bill of 1928 makes ..	5,250,000

The present Bill, when it is passed, will necessarily be the last great Reform Act of its kind, for it enfranchises practically everybody.

Voting on Equal Terms

The great interest of the last two Bills, of course, has been the enfranchisement of women. The first three concerned men only, the fourth concerned both men and women, and the present concerns women.

Almost everybody speaks as if the Act of 1918 gave the vote to all women over 30, and as if the present Bill only deals with young girls (flappers, as they rudely call them). Neither assumption is true.

The 1918 Act, while giving the vote to practically all men over 21, gave it only to those women over 30 who were themselves occupiers of premises or were the wives of occupiers. That is to say, they or their husbands must have a house or part of a house of their own with their own furniture in it. The present Bill, besides lowering the age from 30 to 21, sweeps away this restriction also, so that women will have the vote on the same terms as men as regards age and residence.

Men Outnumbered

How far from the truth it is to say that the present Bill merely enfranchises young girls is shown by these figures dividing the new voters into three classes according to age:

Women from 21 to 25 ..	1,590,000
Women from 25 to 30 ..	1,700,000
Women over 30 ..	1,950,000

Add to these the women who already have the vote, and we have something like these totals for the new electorate:

Men 12,250,000; Women 14,500,000

Two Members of Parliament were so horrified at the idea of the men voters being thus outnumbered by women that they put down an amendment to the Second Reading refusing to pass a Bill which, while pretending to place men and women on an equal footing, would endow women with a permanent political supremacy!

What Experience Shows

It sounds terrible, but we know from experience that the women voters are divided in their views in the same way as men, and that there is no chance whatever of all the women being on one side and all the men on the other, and very little chance even of a majority of the women being on a different side from a majority of the men.

Still, it is a tremendous change, and it is wonderful that it is arousing so little excitement.

TRAVELLERS IN A THIRSTY LAND A Desert Adventure MAN'S BEST GIFT TO MAN

Now and then a traveller like Mr. Cameron, who the other day described to the Royal Geographical Society his journey across the Sahara, makes us understand what water means to those who explore the desert's dusty face.

His party had directed their journey to Katelet, where there was a water-hole. A water-hole is not a well; it is far from resembling a place where water may be had by turning on a tap. It is a depression in the sand where, by digging, the traveller thankfully sees some muddy water oozing into the hollow. But one morning when they should have arrived after their night march at the hole, the guide suddenly said that it was not Katelet. He did not know where they were.

A Mugful a Day

No water! None except the few gallons which the party of seven had in their leather water-skins. And there was no knowing when they would get more, or where to find it.

In moments such as this travellers realise that water is more precious than gold. It rules everything.

For three days the party, put on a ration of one mugful of water a day.

The Light of Other Days

By the Prime Minister

I envy you beginning your political life at this time. You will live to see much that is hidden from us.

From the earliest dawn of civilisation generation after generation has been seeking to advance. We see the pioneers struggling on with the rushlight which they held for a torch to light their feet, and the generation coming seizing it from their hands and pushing on into the gloom.

These lights have lighted mankind through the whole procession of the ages. Now the lights are getting brighter. We know more, and human sympathies have been quickened through these years of suffering.

Every one of you be ready in time to take up the torch from the hand of the generation that drops it. Make it give a brighter light. Carry it farther with stronger steps, so that in times long distant, after our puny lights have been extinguished, the kingdoms of the world may be flooded with the light which we only see today in our dreams.

each, searched under the scorching blazing Sun for water. Sometimes old tracks of caravans cheered them with the hope that this way led to a well. The skeleton of a camel by the way was a cheering sign. Someone had passed there. But one of their own camels had to be shot, and a native servant died from exhaustion, and still there was no water.

Bulging Water-Skins

Their guide had left them so that he might more freely search for some water-hole. Two days had gone and he had not returned. What had happened? Happily, on the third day he came in sight through the haze of heat; and on his camels hung bulging water-skins!

He had struck water. The small daily ration was a thing of the past. They drank not greedily, but carefully. It was the first time their throats had been properly moistened for ten days. Truly they must have recalled to mind in the joy of relief the words of the old rhyme that "water is the best of gifts that man to man can bring."

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



There are now 1892 women magistrates in England and Wales.

America has a battleship which carries 91 aeroplanes.

In a horseback race across France from Paris to Cannes a sixteen-year-old Hindu girl has won.

The Port of London is to have a new floating pneumatic grain elevator which will discharge 110 tons an hour.

Salford has stopped the advertisement of greyhound races on the backs of tram tickets.

The Blue-Tiled Room

A room decorated with blue tiles has been excavated at the Sakkara Pyramid in Egypt.

The Willing Husband

A man in Carlisle workhouse has asked that his wife might be allowed to go out and look for work while he stays in with the children.

New Tweed Bridge

The new concrete bridge across the Tweed, with four spans covering a quarter of a mile and costing £160,000, is to be opened in May.

Schubert by the Million

Schubert's portrait is to appear on five million of the new Austrian coins, this year being the centenary of his death in Vienna.

America and the War

America is returning over 40 million pounds' worth of German property seized during the war, including 20 million pounds for German vessels.

Charlotte Brontë's Bedroom

Charlotte Brontë's bedroom is to be restored to its old condition in connection with the museum now being arranged at the Old Parsonage, Haworth.

Dundee Please Note

A Blackpool reader suggests that some memorial should be erected at Dundee to James Bowman Lindsay, who has been described by My Magazine as the forerunner of the B.B.C.

A Friend of Madagascar

A missionary known all over Madagascar, Mr. T. T. Matthews, has died in Aberdeen at 86. He gave 30 years of his life to Madagascar, translating books and controlling schools and churches throughout the island.

FARMING FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB Another Milestone on the Road to Happiness

The President of the Board of Education, Lord Eustace Percy, went down to Margate the other day to open a dairy farm. At first it seems as if agriculture has very little to do with education, but this particular farm has everything to do with it.

The farm is attached to the Royal Deaf and Dumb School, Margate, where children have for some time been trained in carpentry, printing, cart-making, and tailoring. There were some who did not care for these trades, and the farm offers them another choice. There they will receive training in the most modern methods of keeping cows and pigs and making butter and cheese. Those who love the open air and want to go back to their own village will have no difficulty in finding work on the land.

Once deaf and dumb people were condemned to a life of loneliness and beggary. Now they are taught how to converse, how to smile at life, and how to make a good living. The choice of work is widening, and they can choose between town and country like other people. They need not leave their parents in order to get work, and they need not follow a trade which does not suit their fancy. The model farm at the Deaf and Dumb School is another milestone on the road to happiness.

TROUBLE IN THE COTTON WORLD BREAKDOWN OF A PEACE EFFORT

The Sad Result of the Great War-time Boom

WRONG WAYS TO MAKE ENDS MEET

Serious trouble has been threatening in Lancashire, where long-drawn-out negotiations over hours and wages in the cotton trade have at last broken down.

In the old days employers and employed were continually threatening war against each other, but they knew and understood each other so intimately that they seldom came to blows. A great many of the employers had themselves been operatives, and many of the operatives owned shares in the mills and weaving sheds of their employers. But in the great boom which followed the war ownership largely changed hands, and many of the new owners lack both the intimate knowledge of the trade and the close touch with their workpeople which their predecessors enjoyed.

Changed for the Worse

That is not the only way in which the boom changed matters for the worse. People then paid immensely more for the mills than they were worth, so that it is impossible to get out of them an adequate return for the capital invested. On the top of this competition has grown up in the Far East, and the world's purchasing power remains persistently low.

The result is that many mills have become worth no more than the house-breaker and scrap-iron dealer will pay for them for breaking up. Loans have had to be withdrawn to pay calls made by their weaker neighbours. Thus bankruptcies are growing every week.

Like the Coal Problem

Faced with these difficulties, the employers have been trying to put matters right by requiring their workpeople to work longer hours for lower wages. This the workers steadfastly refuse to do, declaring that it is for the owners to put their own house in order.

In its essence, as has already been explained in the C.N., the solution of the cotton problem is the same as the solution of the coal problem. The owners must cut their losses and reduce output to fit demand. Out-of-date plant must be scrapped and only the best mills maintained. Cooperation and amalgamations must be substituted for fierce competition. Finances must be readjusted so that the capital bears some relation to material assets. Share certificates which are really waste paper, with nothing behind them, must be put in the wastepaper basket.

A VERY GOOD IDEA

Why Not Step In Before the Jerry Builder?

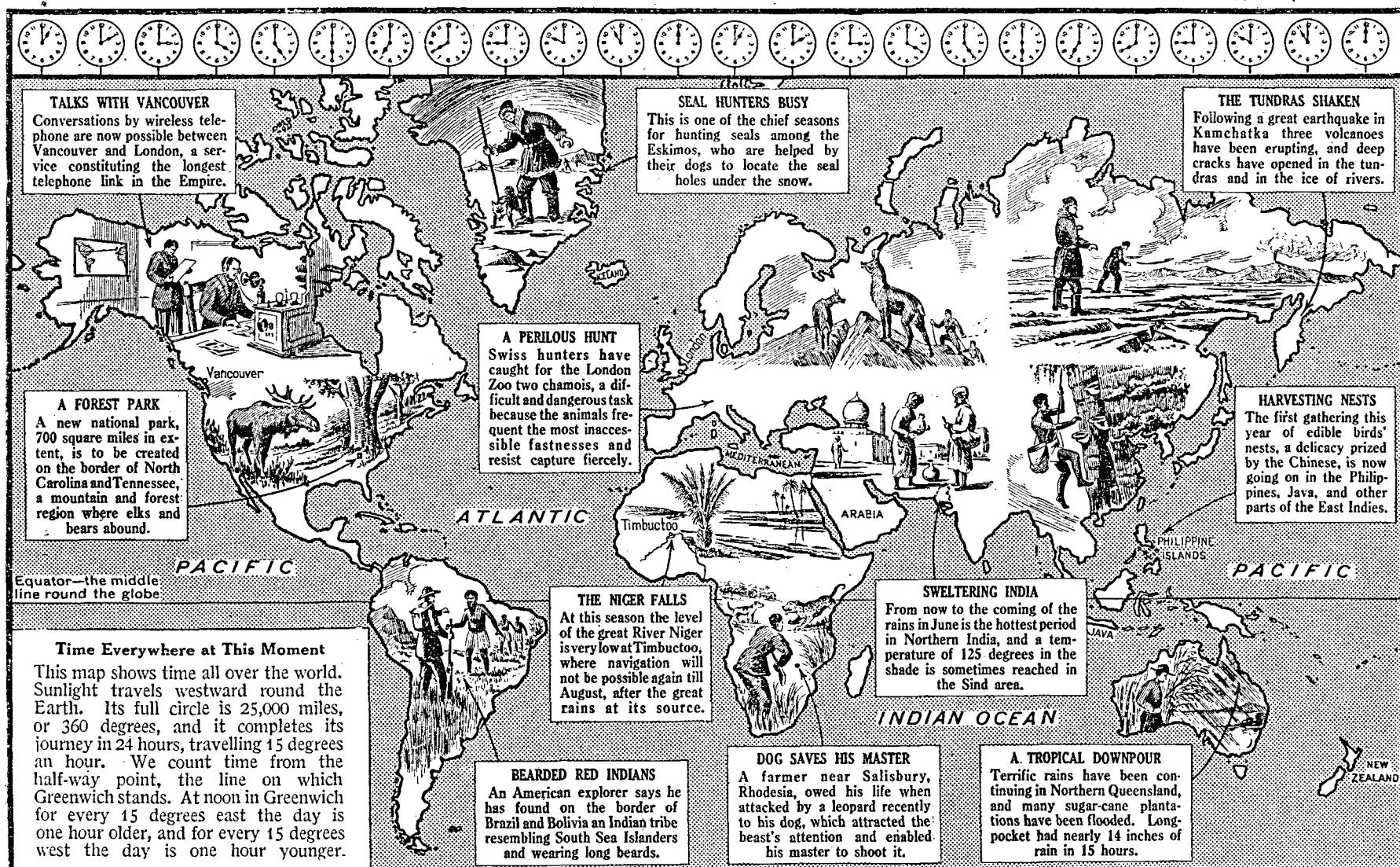
A good idea is set forth in the first report of the newly-formed Council for the Preservation of Rural England.

From time to time it is announced that some beauty spot is to be sold, and an enormous price is demanded for it at the last moment. A public appeal is made and the land is usually bought, but at a price far above its agricultural value.

Now the Council suggests that a systematic survey of England should be made, and that very beautiful parts should be secured for public use before, not after, the jerry builder begins to bid for them. In most cases the land could still be put to agricultural use after being placed in the care of the National Trust. Corn may grow and cattle feed and the land pay its way without spoiling a glorious view.

This economical plan ought to commend itself to all lovers of England.

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



A COLONY IN A CUL-DE-SAC

Backing to Go Forward HOPE FOR BRITISH GUIANA

The Mother of Parliaments has gone to the rescue of one of her stepchildren who has gone astray; and she means to train it with her own children till it is able to look after itself.

British Guiana is our only possession in South America. We took it from the Dutch over a century ago. Since then it has kept the constitution given it by the Dutch, and it has not worked well.

While government has been in the hands of the Governor a representative body has had a veto on his financial arrangements; it has had power without responsibility. That is not the way the Mother of Parliaments trains her own children; when she gives them power she gives them responsibility too, but not until they are ready for it.

While the rest of the Empire has progressed British Guiana has stood still in population, health, and wealth, though her natural endowments should have made her progress rapid.

To vary the metaphor, the Car of State has got into a cul-de-sac: it must be backed into the main road again before it can go ahead. So the Governor is to be given a majority of official and nominated members over elected members in the Legislature, and when things are in full order and working well there is every hope that it may be possible to give a majority the other way.

Responsibility and power must be in the same hands, whether of an autocracy or a democracy; that is the lesson of British Guiana.

Pronunciations in This Paper

Kabul	Kah-bull
Epictetus	Ep-ik-te-tus
Samarkand	Sahm-ahr-kahnt
Sioux	Soo
Tahiti	Tah-he-te
Tertiary	Ter-she-a-re

A MOUNTAIN FALLS ON A TOWN

Terrible Experience in Brazil

A town built on an island of reclaimed lowland swamp in the midst of its own placid harbour would seem to be fairly secure from mountain landslides.

But Santos, the port of the Brazilian coffee planters, has a mountain (Montserratt) in its midst, the nucleus around which the island has risen; and Montserratt has suddenly dropped millions of tons on one of its busiest quarters.

It is said that there had been warnings of a possible movement of the mountainside, but no one supposed it was imminent. It came suddenly just before dawn, while the town slept, great masses of earth and stones leaping and bounding like a cascade.

A number of warehouses, 16 dwelling-houses, and part of a hospital were buried, and over 200 people were killed and hundreds injured. It is feared that another part of the mountain has still to fall.

STRANGE DOINGS OF A RIVER

Back to Its Old Bed

A French river, the Drucat, has been behaving in a very strange manner.

During the Tertiary period of the world's history, when the Alps and the Himalayas were being formed, the Drucat deserted its original river-bed in favour of a short cut which made its journey to its meeting with the Somme near Amiens seven miles shorter than it had been. In the ages that followed the original bed levelled itself up and became the site of fields and villages.

Now, without any reason that geologists can discover, it has returned to its former course. Cellars are flooded and fields are under water over a wide area. So its baby neighbour, Man, is laboriously building new embankments to confine it within the course it has chosen.

ROMANCE ROUND THE CORNER

Wonderful Journey For a Working-Girl

Even in our dullest moments romance may be waiting for us round the corner.

A poor working-girl stood behind a stall in the great Leipzig Fair, wearily answering an endless stream of questions from passers-by about the working of the knitting machines in her charge.

Suddenly there was a bustle, and the first king seen in the Republic since the war approached with his guides and suite. It was King Amanullah of Afghanistan, and he found the knitting machines deeply interesting. The girl answered his questions with the same indifference but with the same quiet efficiency as before.

Then the King turned to the owner of the stall and ordered 150 knitting machines for Kabul. "But this girl," he added, "must come with them to teach my people how to use them."

OPORTO UP-TO-DATE

Passing of the Ox-Cart

People who want to forbid horses in London streets will be interested in a decision just taken by the authorities at Oporto, in Portugal.

From Roman times till now the ox-cart has been the only vehicle of Northern Portugal. It is shaped more or less like a Roman chariot. The heavy, high-set wooden axle revolves with the big, clumsy wooden wheels, and the oxen wear high and ornamental wooden yokes with a row of paint brushes along the top.

But now the motor-car, and especially the motor-lorry, has come, and in Oporto, at any rate, the ox-cart is considered to be in the way. No more licences for ox-carts are to be issued, and they will gradually disappear. The streets of Oporto will seem strange without them.

Pictures on page 1

SOMETHING NEW ON AN ENGINE

Longer Non-Stop Runs MORE FREEDOM FOR THE DRIVER

When the L.N.E.R. began running non-stop trains from London to Newcastle, and the L.M.S. from London to Carlisle, some wise people said these runs were the limit, because no engine-driver could stand a longer continuous run.

They were right and they were wrong. They were right in saying drivers could not safely stand more, but they were wrong in supposing that that would limit the non-stop runs. The L.N.E.R. is planning a non-stop run from London to Edinburgh, nearly 400 miles against the 300 miles to Carlisle, but no driver or fireman is to be on the engine for more than half the distance.

A corridor is to be devised connecting the engine-cab with the brake-van through the coal tender, and by means of these corridors the drivers will be able to change. Corridor tenders are being built at Doncaster large enough to hold the necessary coal supply on either side of a central passage. The second driver and fireman will rest or sleep in the brake-van till the run is half done and will then stroll forward through the corridor to the relief of their mates, who will retire through the corridor to well-earned repose in their turn.

It is an excellent idea, which will have an extra value in case of accident at the engine, for it will be possible to summon aid without stopping the engine.

MARCH WEATHER

The astonishing weather of the last few weeks many times gave us summer and winter within an hour. The first Sunday in March was the hottest March day for 86 years, and the following Sunday was the coldest March day for 82 years.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 31

1923

The Bells

It is good to know that there are no signs that bell-ringing is dying out. There are forty thousand church-bell ringers in England.

Valiant men they are and rejoicing in their efforts. Through the long twilight of the English summer the bells they ring will peal in cadences, now loud and near, now mellowed by distance, over the roofs and streets and squares of towns, over the fields of ripening corn, and the pastures and the sheepfolds of the countryside. They will hallow the quiet of the Sabbath evening in the village. They will greet the wedded couples as they come out into the sunshine.

The bells are the voice of Merrie England.

It is the best sign of hopefulness that can be imagined. The first time the bells were set ringing again when the war was ended was on Armistice Day. For years they had been silenced in gloom and apprehension. When the pall was lifted the bells shouted the news to the sky. Like the sons of the morning they sang gloriously together.

We are learning to make more of bells. The cities of Holland and Belgium have something to teach us with their bells, which play tunes grave and gay at almost every hour. Perhaps each country listens to its bells in a different way. In the East the tinkly temple bells are supposed to frighten evil spirits. In Spain, when the Moors were driven forth, the Christian bells were set on the towers in place of the Moorish horn. Unfortunately the motor-horn shows no sign of being driven anywhere; it stays.

In England we set the bells to work rather than to play. There is plenty of work for them to do, plenty of good things coming for their music to ring in. Now, as when Tennyson wrote long since, our bells can ring in the larger heart, the kindlier hand. They can ring out the darkness of the land. Perhaps since the poet wrote we have gone a little way to ring out disease and ring in redress of poverty. We hope that that even now the stupid cry of class hate is being drowned by the ringing notes of common sense.

It is good to know that the bells are not slowing down. While they go on ringing we may be sure there is reason for rejoicing and hope. The gloomiest people must admit that things are not so gloomy as they were.

So let our ringers remind us of the words that are set to accompany the chimes of Big Ben:

So hour by hour
Be Thou our Guide:
That by Thy power
No step may slide.

Let us set our watches by that.
Let the bells ring.



Is the World Better?

Is the world better today than fifty years ago? An old newspaper makes us think so.

It was published one spring day in 1878, and among other items of news it records the sentence of 21 days' imprisonment passed on a woman because she had applied to the Guardians for relief while all the time she had in her possession the huge sum of—elevenpence-halfpenny.

The world may be in need of improvement, but there is not a magistrate anywhere today who would brand a woman with the lasting shame of imprisonment because she had asked for more while she had elevenpence-halfpenny.

The Old Knight

Once a lusty knight was I,
Mounted on a dapple steed;
Strong of arm and bright of eye,
Light of foot as thistle seed.

Now I lean upon my page,
Now my sword is little worth;
Would that Youth returned to Age
As the spring returns to earth!

Shame upon me for that tear!
Rather let me joy to say:
*She I loved and held so dear
Shall endure beyond my day.*

When a thousand years have rolled
England shall be England still,
Not less lovely, not more old,
Than her youngest daffodil.

No Accounting for Smells

On the Editor's table lay a packet of cigarette cards.

Not a packet of cigarettes, which would never find a place there; but the cards, providing most excellent views of abbeys and cathedrals and ancient monuments.

They were straight from the printers; no cigarette had ever sullied them. Yet, whether it was illusion or accident, they had a faint smell of tobacco. How could it be? The Editor sniffed them again. Visitors who came in were asked to confirm the suspicion. At last a bright secretary, agreeing that they did smell of tobacco, added that there was nothing peculiar in that, for she herself received every week the Fishing Gazette, and whenever it came it *smelled of fish*.

The Editor is still wondering what the bright secretary meant and why she thought it. A fearful and wonderful and very queer thing is human thought.

A Palace for a Prince

Dear Babe of Bethlehem, driven out by selfish men into the cold stable, to lie with the ox and the ass, I offer Thee my heart to be Thy home.

Make it clean from all selfishness and cruelty; make it warm with love for Thee and for all men, that it may be a home fit for Thee, a palace worthy of the Prince of Peace. Amen.

From Chester Cathedral Children's Corner

THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



The Weakly Ones

You never know. Mrs. Lucy Ball, who was a very delicate child in 1827, has just died at Mansfield aged 101. It reminds us that the first impartial thing said about the Editor of the C.N. was that he would never grow up with a delicate constitution like that. But we are half way to 101, and we live in hope.

Tip-Cat

DEAN INGE has become chaplain to the spectacle-makers. Brighter and brighter will be his visions.

LORD BIRKENHEAD says it is 32 years since he wrote his first leading article. And see what it has led to.

OXFORD and Cambridge have had a small-bore shooting meeting. We do not know how they dispose of their big bores.

PUNCH is better and better, they say. Of course it is, it has given up drink.

THE Ku Klux Klan is changing its name. What it wants is a change of heart.

THERE is talk of a telescope revealing objects 800,000 million million miles away. Now somebody may find Peace.

CHANGES of a drastic nature are to be made in Government offices. But will they work?

OPERA is now played in the leading Italian restaurants. Whose motto is: No song, no supper.

BEFORE he speaks again, the speaker who said "No newspaper can give young people a true view of life," should read the C.N.

The Cheerful Warrior

From a Hospital Visitor

I MET a man the other day who had a reputation for being cheerful.

That is not much in itself, and such a reputation ought not to be hard to obtain. But this man is a broken soldier who has lain on his back on a hard bed for twelve years, frequently enduring great pain. He may never rise from the bed again, and he remembers pleasant evening walks in country lanes with his wife and children.

Yet he could afford to smile! They told us that he was the most cheerful man in the hospital ward.

A Slave's Rule of Life

Set yourself a rule of conduct and a mode of life which you can follow invariably, in public or in private. Prefer to keep silence. Say only what is necessary and in few words. Epictetus the Slave

Too Proud to Live

THE wonderful Mussolini has issued his decree that the invalids of Italy must get well in a thoroughly patriotic way. There must be no foreign medicines.

They must encourage home remedies. They must die, if necessary, in the attempt. Much, of course, can be done by faith, but this is the first time that patriotic healing has been put on trial.

The sufferers from malaria in the Roman Campagna will surely want their quinine? And will they be able to dispense with all those horrible foreign medicines which doctors or chemists have discovered to alleviate diphtheria, diabetes, and other things from which humanity suffers, and which humanity struggles patiently to cure?

It is really extraordinarily silly to speak of any medicines in any country as foreign, for if there is one thing which belongs to all the world it is Healing. Its benefits are open to all. Insulin, thyroid extract, chloroform, adrenalin, the noble array of vaccines for germ diseases, the serums—these are the inventions not of one mind, but of many, and their makers and discoverers range from London to Tokyo, from Paris and Berlin and Rome to New York, Calcutta, and Melbourne.

There is no such thing as a foreign medicine, and we are sure Mussolini knows this to be so.

God of the Shining Hosts

The Hymn Society of America has awarded £100 to Miss May Rowland, of Eastbourne, for the best Airmen's Hymn. This is the hymn.

God of the shining hosts that range on high,
Lord of the Seraphim serving day and night,
Hear us for these, our squadrons of the sky,
And give to them the shelter of Thy might.

Thine are the arrows of the storm-cloud's breath,
Thine, too, the tempest or the zephyr still;
Take in Thy keeping those who, facing death,
Bravely go forth to do a nation's will.
High in the trackless space that paves Thy throne,
Claim by Thy love these souls in danger's thrall;
Be Thou their Pilot through the great unknown,
Then shall they mount as eagles and not fall.

THE BROADCASTER

C.N. Calling the World

A DEVONSHIRE firm has sent boxes of primroses to all its customers.

A MANCHESTER boy swam forty yards against the current and saved a cat in peril.

A BUTCHER wearing two aprons, a smock, and leggings, jumped into a canal and saved three children.

Two Liverpool children have organised a bazaar and founded a cot at the Baby's Hospital.

March 31, 1928

The Children's Newspaper

7

MEN APPEAR OUT OF THE STONE AGE FIRST TOUCH WITH CIVILISATION

A Little Human Procession From the Australian Wilds UNDER THE FRIENDLY FLAG

By Our Correspondent for Lonely Australia

Our correspondent for the great lonely spaces of Australia, Mrs. Daisy Bates, described in the C.N. not long ago how natives from the distant inland waters had approached the railway line and fled in panic from a railway train, which seemed to them a gigantic fire-breathing snake they had heard of in legends. Here Mrs. Bates tells how, cautiously, they have approached again and finally established contact with civilisation.

Fire and smoke, smoke and fire, creeping southward—that is the friendly signal to the Australian aborigines. It is always a tall tree on a hilltop that is sacrificed and the fire is started so that its smoke will go in the direction toward which the natives are travelling and away from the water they are leaving.

Two Wild Men

When the natives who last approached us got over their fright they made a second attempt, and one morning two of them ventured into my solitary camp. They trembled and stiffened with fear, but soon sat down at my signal, and as I have their dialect I put the usual questions as to relationships, and found they were kin to other derelicts who have wandered in. Out of the Stone Age come these people, the little brothers of civilised mankind.

Cunning, careful, and watchful were these two wild men, but they were obedient to sign and word. "No," they said, "there was no one with them." But on the second morning, when I went to their fire with flour to make a damper (a cake of ordinary flour and water baked in the ashes) I found a boy and a girl with them.

Many Others Waiting

"Yes," they said, "they were uncles to these." Any more coming? "No; no more, only two-two." The aborigines have no names for numbers except 1, 2, and 3. Four is two-two; and after 4 is "poorda," which is many, or any number. But the tracks of these two-two were not the tracks I had seen, and tactful inquiries soon told me that "poorda"—many others—were waiting in a waterless area to come in.

Every day the two-two gathered the little gifts of clothing and other objects (an axe, a knife, tin cups, billy cans), and when I saw them put aside their supper damper I knew they were about to return to "nabbari-gabbi," the area of eucalyptus-root water, to smoke-signal their way to the remainder of their party, taking all their belongings with them.

At Nabbari-Gabbi

So to the nabbari-gabbi, where the eucalyptus-root water is found, the two-two group journeyed quickly, for if a large number of natives take toll of the water there for long the supply will fail and the eucalyptus will die, and then the rainfall will gradually lessen. A large area of Australia has been made dry and barren by this means.

Presently our two-two group returned with another two-two—four men this time. Where were the others? At nabbari-gabbi, they reply. Well the two groups of two-two's having sampled the country round, and found mallee hens and emus and rabbits and much game, and learned damper-making, and loved the sweet tea, and been made preposterously happy with pipes and tobacco, started again for nabbari-gabbi; and at their next return the reason for their carefulness was explained.

OUR FRIEND THE CHARWOMAN

Two charwomen had a rare experience the other day. They were called heroines and told the good news that they could retire on pensions.

It was a peer of the realm, President of the Royal Free Hospital, who gave them such praise. One of the women has served the hospital for 44 years, and the other for 33 years. Their work was hard and dull, but it was tremendously important, for a hospital must be kept scrupulously clean. So the charwomen did their work as faithfully as the surgeons and nurses did theirs. Now that they are old the hospital governors have rewarded them by pensions.

Charwomen are humble people, but this peer of the realm both calls them the salt of the earth and admires the pluck with which they go to their daily drudgery even when they are tired or ill, and luckier people would stay in bed.

It is very pleasant to think that these two faithful workers have done with their scrubbing, and need no longer hurry forth in the raw mornings with sacking aprons under their arms. They will have time to sit in the parks, and enjoy the spring sunshine, and talk of the wonderful things the President said when they left the Hospital. The grey life-story has had a happy ending.

A BICYCLE THAT CLIMBS A TREE



A bicycle that can climb trees has been invented by a German at Frankfurt. It is raised by means of toothed wheels, which the driver works with levers. This curious machine can also be adapted for use as a paddle boat.

With them indeed came poorda (many), at least ten women and twelve or more children. It was so exciting that I had not time to count them all with certainty. Two old grandmothers were almost blind. I went to meet them on the slope of my hill, and if one wanted praise and a shoulder pat for the little one could do to help them I got it from these poor creatures. Every woman sought to tell me (all speaking at once) her name, her children, and her relationship to the others here, or others not here. Such a babel of women's tongues was it that it seemed as if not ten but fifty women were all talking together.

A cheerful grin reached the hearts of the children, who all grinned back most friendly; and the crowning joy came when I took a wee naked baby in my arms and loved it, and it gurgled and smiled. The whole crowd, women and children, were overcome with delight.

Presently all settled down; and, as they wisely had brought water in kerosene buckets from the Golden Water

three miles away, we soon had damper-making and fire-making, and rest and comfort, and a feeling of safety settled on the whole group.

In the morning came joy indeed—clothing, and tea, and honey—oh! the delight of hot-damper-and-honey, and sweet, sweet tea! And the train was not shuddered at when it passed, though several hands tightly grasped their white friend that they might feel safe.

Now there are some thirty new souls here, none of whom will ever return to their home waters again. Such soft musical names many of these Central Australian waters possess—In-Minga, Ming-an-ya, Waru-gang-ga, falling so lightly from lips that will never touch the waters any more. All are looking forward to a joy-ride over the Great Plain which their fathers and grandfathers told them was the country of the man-eating Serpent, and once that joy-ride has been accomplished all the king's horses and all the king's men would not serve to drive the gay riders back to the country they once thought of as their own.

A 1 BUILDING FOR LLOYD'S A LITTLE HOUSE GROWN BIG

London's Great New Temple of Shipping News

EDWARD LLOYD AND HIS COFFEE-SHOP

The superb new temple of shipping on Leadenhall Street, erected at a cost of some £1,500,000, which has just been opened by the King, is an example of how great oaks from little acorns grow.

It is 240 years since Edward Lloyd, a Welshman with a wonderful gift of imagination, kept an obscure coffee-house down near the Thames wharves, where seamen and shipbrokers could gather for refreshment and gossip. Over a cup of coffee all sorts of seafaring news used to be exchanged, and the proprietor of the house began to collect interesting bits of information for his patrons, which at first he read aloud to them. Then he ventured to print the beginnings of what are now known as Lloyd's Lists, registering the movements of vessels throughout the world.

An Inch of Candle

The old coffee-house soon became recognised as an exchange for shipping information and a commercial exchange as well. Edward Lloyd, always eager to be of service to his clients, organised auction sales at which vessels used to be sold by the method known as "an inch of candle." In this quaint way a pin was inserted an inch below the flame of the candle. Bids were then continued until the flame burned down to the pin and released it.

The coffee-house was moved westward, to include the wealthy City merchants among its clients, and when Edward Lloyd died in 1726 the management was taken over by a Committee.

In 1774, Lloyd's was moved to a splendid site in the Royal Exchange, and at last progress has pushed them out of their home, which they have loved and outgrown, and now they are moving to their magnificent new home in the heart of the shipping district of London.

Pride and Regret

After so romantic a beginning it is natural that those who do business at Lloyd's are looking forward to the big change-over with mingled feelings of pride and regret. Many have a sentimental regard for the picturesque old quarters in the Royal Exchange. The whole place smells of the sea, and mingled with its lure there is still something of the flavour of the old coffee-house and its genial atmosphere of less bustling days.

Most of their treasures Lloyd's will be able to take with them—the old pictures of sailing-ships, for instance, and the Lutine Bell, which is rung to announce news of overdue ships. This famous bit of treasure-trove lay at the bottom of the Zuyder Zee for over half a century in the wreck of the bullion-laden warship Lutine, and came to Lloyd's as a result of salvage operations in 1858.

Relic of Sailing-Ship Days

But it is doubtful if the old wind gauge will make the move. This romantic relic of old sailing-ship days shares the end wall of the Underwriting Room at the Royal Exchange with a big clock, and, being connected with a mechanism on the roof, shows by a moving hand on its large white dial every whim of the wind. In these days of steamships the direction of the wind is not of serious importance, and the underwriter's first anxious glance, as he enters his room, is not now at the wind. He hurries to a big book on a stand containing a list of Casualties. There are more than 1500 agents all over the world who keep this big book supplied with news of the movements of ships and of any mishap that may have befallen them.

HOW TO ADVERTISE SOUTHERN RAILWAY'S BEAUTIFUL PICTURES

Magic Castle, Devil's Chimney,
and Magician's Cave

POSTERS AS THEY SHOULD BE

We have grumbled sorely from time to time about the number of hideous advertisements posted on the walls and hoardings of the English town and countryside, but once again we have to thank the Southern Railway for a lead.

The Southern Railway has given to England a set of most beautiful pictures, each with a beautiful speech written under it. They are posted about here and there at railway stations in towns. They are joyous and gay without being cheap or sentimental; and they look far better than the ugly advertisements which spoil the Southern Railway bridges in Kent.

The designer, Mr. Donald Maxwell, has an eye for fine sweeps of line and colour. He gives us great masses of lovely shapes, flings headlands and castles triumphantly above sea and town in the summer noon, and throws handfuls of stars in the sky—stars a little too big, perhaps, but stars that suddenly remind one of June nights and the dew on the roses.

Once Upon a Time

We have seen four of these posters, and have pored lovingly over them. They show us the Magic Castle, the Devil's Chimney, the Enchanted Forest, and the Magician's Cave. If we had not given a bit of our hearts to these places before we should be compelled to do so now, seeing them set forth with this gay charm and reading the speeches underneath. Here is the speech about Corfe Castle, in admirable lettering, with the huge scarlet initial which the first letter in *Once upon a time* should always have.

Once upon a time (we are sorry we cannot print the red O) there was a merchant of London, and he had three sons; and one of his sons fell sick with labour and work, so he went unto a Magician and besought him to heal him, and the Magician told him he must find a Magic Castle, and gave him a green charm to carry him safely to the castle, and he passed through a land that was wondrous fair until he came to the Isle of Purbeck in Dorset. And when he saw the Magic Castle his sickness left him, and he returned to his work with gladness.

The Little Green Charm

The little green charm is pasted down for us to see. It is made of pasteboard, and can be bought at any Southern Railway station. So the old and the new are amusingly mingled in these delightful posters. The story of the devil busy on his chimney after he had failed to drown all the people of the weald in the Devil's Dyke and the ship that ran by and dropped her topsail, thus making the sign of the Cross and stopping his work on the instant, is told on another sheet. In the next the spell of the New Forest is cast on a man who had been followed about by an Ogre called Dull Care; and in another Merlin's spell in Tintagel by the sea is recalled.

We may perhaps be a little prejudiced, but we feel that no country but England could have produced this mixture of beauty and tradition, ancient legend and present-day holiday-making. The work of showing what England really is by posters such as these (and the posters to be seen at the Tube stations) has only just begun. It is good to think what delightful surprises there are in store.

MAKING THE DEER AT HOME A Switzerland Experiment

One of the attempts to acclimatise reindeer in Switzerland, to which we have already referred, is being tried in the village of Chateau d'Oex.

One of the hotels there has a little wood on the hillside behind it, and under the shelter of the pine trees live four reindeer in a big paddock.

They have been brought from their northern home to become accustomed to the Swiss climate, and when they have settled down they will be taught to pull people on skis. At present they graze on the patches of grass where the snow has melted, or stand like statues under the trees. The two larger ones have great horns something like those of the Canadian moose, and the smaller ones have delicate branching horns like the deer in our parks.

It will take time to discover whether this sheltered Swiss valley suits them as well as the bleak plains of Norway or Lapland, where they roam in great herds in search of the greyish moss on which they live.

At present they look as if they still feel strange, but everyone hopes that next winter they will be seen trotting along the snowy roads.

THE FATE OF TAHITI A Castle of Indolence

Tahiti, like many islands of those enchanted Pacific waters, was raised from the deep by the coral builders. They are failing. According to a recent traveller home from there, Dr. Cyril Crossland, the island is failing with them.

Tahiti is an island of rare beauty. When our navigators first found it the isle was like the Bounteous Isle in Tennyson's *Voyage of Maeldune*, where the very clouds dropped bread for men who had no need to labour for it. The Sun shone always there in an eternal spring and summer, and none had to work or cared much for play.

It was a true Castle of Indolence, but the castle's walls are falling. The soil, which once had hardly to be scratched to bring forth the fruits of the island in their season, is becoming barren. On the north-east coast the island is a desert; in many other parts a mere fringe of palms is left of all the bygone luxuriant vegetation.

Hard labour will still get a living from the land, but it is being tilted by immigrant Chinese. The easy-going Tahitian must work or starve.

THE PLESIOSAURUS MEETS THE POGO

Presently the intelligent people who go to the South Kensington Museum to look at the Plesiosaurus lately dug out of a Warwickshire quarry will be able to see the monster's third eye. It had an eye which nobody possesses nowadays though learned anatomists declare that we have traces of it at the backs of our heads, and some have supposed that the pineal eye, as it is named, may still have its uses.

At South Kensington they are cleaning the skeleton of the Plesiosaurus with an electric drill, which is something between the instrument used by the dentist when he tackles our infirm teeth and the shattering implements which the road-breakers employed to "pogo" Piccadilly.

Some people wonder whether the human pineal eye still catches up vibrations that the other eyes cannot see. That we cannot tell, but if the Warwickshire Plesiosaurus could have turned his pineal eye on the future how surprised he would have been to see through some 200 million years the powers of electricity turned on him to make him a proper spectacle for the twentieth century.

THE BUSH FIRE A Pathetic Sight in Australia

THE TRAGEDY THAT MAY COME FROM A BIT OF GLASS

To combat the menace of Australian bush fires this year a special band of voluntary fire-fighters has been formed in Melbourne.

They belong to many professions, but when summoned by telephone they leave their work and are taken by cars to the scene of the fire. Often they fight the fire all day and all night. Their duties, however, are strictly kept to the actual fire-fighting, and all patrolling is done by local men.

To those who have never seen a bush fire the reports of their swiftness and terror seem almost unbelievable. As a spectacle the fire is a magnificent sight, and to drive through one is a thrilling experience, but not one that one cares to think about afterwards.

After the Fire Has Passed

The whole of the undergrowth blazes. Trees 200 feet high are one flame of fire from the top to the bole; blazing branches fall across the road and lie there smouldering. Rabbits, opossums, lizards, kangaroos, wallabies, and snakes can be seen rushing madly before the fire, and the air is filled with stinging smoke. When the fire has passed nothing is left but the blackened trees and a few pathetic, scorched bodies of animals. A little of the greener vegetation survives, but the older and drier tree-trunks smoulder and send out showers of sparks for hours after the fire has passed.

The origin of these fires is always difficult to discover. They may begin with a spark from a train or from a cigarette. A scrap of glass glinting in the sun will cause one, and fires that campers have failed to put out completely will often blaze up and develop into a huge bush fire. Warnings are issued throughout Victoria asking people to be careful about these matters, and the Government has provided rough stone fireplaces all over the countryside so that campers and picnickers may build their fires there instead of on the ground.

Nature's Amazing Recovery

Probably the most extraordinary thing about a bush fire is the rapidity with which the bush recovers. In an amazingly short period the trees put out new feathery green sprays, the bracken springs up, and in a year or two all that remains to tell of the ravage of the fire are the blackened tree-trunks contrasting oddly with the fresh new green on the branches. In fact, the fire acts as a fertiliser, and many seeds of wattle, lying dormant in the ground, germinate after a fire.

So the bush itself soon recovers, but the settlements, the small soldier settlers, and the small towns are many years before they recover, for the heart-breaking and backbreaking work of many seasons is destroyed and has to be begun again.

SOMETHING NEW FOR THE ENGINE-DRIVER

Almost every motorist today uses one of the little automatic windscreen wipers which work a rubber wiper to and fro over the glass and so keep the field of view clear and clean.

These windscreen wipers are now to be tried on the look-out glasses of locomotives to assist the engine-driver's vision of signals. The L.N.E.R. is making the first experiment with the Flying Fox Pacific engine.

THE RAMADAN FAST STRIKING CHANGE IN ANCIENT CUSTOM

Why Foolish People Will Not
See the Moon Through Glass

AN IDEA FROM THE MOHAMMEDAN WORLD

The Mohammedan world has been engaged upon one of its most sacred and solemn festivals, the Ramadan Fast, which commemorates the gift of the Koran to the followers of Mohammed. In the month of Ramadan was the Koran "sent down from Heaven."

For a full month the church of the Mohammedan world must practically turn day into night, fasting between dawn and sunset and abstaining for the whole period from all luxury. But how do they know when dawn has actually reached their Eastern sky? Mohammed had no clock, so he ordained that dawn should not be declared present "until you can plainly distinguish a white thread from a black thread by the daybreak."

Watching for the New Moon

Still more perplexing, how were they to say when the month of Ramadan itself began? They had no calendar. Their month began when the New Moon was seen to rise. For nearly 1300 years Moslems have watched the skies for the coming of the Moon of Ramadan.

This year, for the first time in all the long history of this faith, ancient custom has been abandoned and the time of the Fast's beginning was scientifically calculated, and no observer had to run reporting the appearance of the sickle in the heavens.

This little revolution in the East may gradually have unexpected effects in the West. Without knowing it, multitudes of people in Christendom are to some extent governed by practices of the Orient. Many people cherish the silly belief that ill-luck will attend them if they see the New Moon through glass. The origin of that superstition is quite unlike anything imagined by those who pretend to practise it.

When Sunday Travel Was Allowed

The Mohammedan world has never until now had a scientific calendar, nor have the Jewish people in the East. Moon-rise has a special significance for the Jews, as for the Moslems. In the Jewish Church the Feast of Trumpets, which was celebrated each New Moon, was regulated by actual observation of the crescent. Eager eyes all over Palestine watched for its first appearance in the heavens in order that the festival might begin. Those who saw it first sped with hasty feet to Jerusalem.

For this occasion only the law forbidding travel on Sundays was suspended. A reward awaited the first bearer to the high priest of the news that the New Moon had come.

Questioning the Witnesses

Only the testimony of witnesses of established good character was accepted and then not until the bearer had been closely questioned. The testimony had to be direct and positive. If only the Moon's reflection had been seen in water or a doubtful portion of it through clouds, or if it had been seen through glass, the evidence was disallowed, the reward was withheld, and the journey was fruitless. For them it was indeed unlucky to see the New Moon through glass.

It is this story which lies behind the superstition. To Jews and Moslems alike the New Moon is as a clock and a calendar in the skies. We can foretell the rising of the Moon, the setting of the Sun, and the eclipse of heavenly bodies for ten thousand years ahead, but in the East they have had to wait and watch for the coming of the Moon like people of much simpler habits waiting for the coming of something into the sky to worship.

AN ELEPHANT'S NIGHT OUT

A SURPRISE IN THE KITCHEN

What a Man Found When He Came Downstairs

BEBE AND THE PONIES

It is probable that no one knows the origin of the saying about a bull in a china shop. We know now, however, the origin of a new saying about the elephant in the kitchen. It happened the other day at Peckham.

A travelling show was passing through the town and the animals were to be put up for the night. There is not always room in any town to house menagerie animals together, and on this occasion some devoted friends, a number of ponies and an elephant, had to be separated.

Bebe Breaks Loose

The ponies did not mind, as there were several. But there was only one elephant, and she minded very much. Her name is Bebe, and she comes from Burma. She is generally a peaceful sort of elephant, but that night in Peckham she could not bear her stable. She wanted her dear friends the ponies.

About three in the morning Bebe decided that she would bear her cruel fate no longer. She put out all her weight, which is about a ton and three-quarters, bore on her chain, and snapped it like a ribbon. The stable door was easily broken down. Then Bebe started out to seek her fortune.

Something tempted her to try a back door in Goldsmith Road. She got it open easily and passed as far into the kitchen as she could. The average kitchen is not built to provide space for an elephant to turn round, and Bebe got thus far and no farther. Then she began to swing her trunk round and found a lot of things to play with.

An Inquisitive Trunk

In the meantime the people of the house, a man and his wife and five children, were upstairs fast asleep. Suddenly the mother woke, listened, and felt rather uncomfortable. There were burglars in the house. Nothing else could account for that odd noise from downstairs. She awoke her husband, and told him there was someone in the kitchen. He went quietly downstairs, listening as he went. There was certainly something queer going on. Over the kitchen doorway hung curtains. He parted them gently.

Bebe had heard him coming and had her trunk ready. As soon as the man's face appeared through the curtains she sniffed his nose with her trunk. The man gasped and fell back. He was not at the moment thinking of elephants. As soon as he could speak he shouted the news upstairs.

The children were tumbled out of bed, dressed, and led downstairs by the mother, who thought at every step that the elephant's trunk would come swinging round them. Out of doors they bolted to the safety of the street.

The End of the Story

The husband had called up one or two neighbours, who were also dressing quickly. An elephant in a kitchen was a sight not to be missed. The man of the house then ran to the yard, where he remembered hearing that Bebe, the Burmese elephant, was to be stabled, and aroused one of her trainers.

When the rescue party arrived he was trying to persuade Bebe to back out of the kitchen and stop smashing cups and saucers. She persisted in thinking they were good to eat, put them in her mouth, spat them out in disgust, and crushed them under her enormous feet.

At last Bebe was persuaded to back out of the kitchen doorway and her trainer took her home. It is to be hoped that in future Bebe will not be separated from her friends the ponies.

A MAN WHO KNEW MARIE ANTOINETTE

The Court of Marie Antoinette seems to be very far away; yet there is a man alive today who links us with it. There is only a lifetime between our world of girl tennis champions and motor-cars and telephones and the world of powdered hair, swords, lace ruffles, brocade coats, and coaches drawn by six horses.

The link is made by Viscount Esher, who is 75. When he was a small boy he remembers being dressed in a poplin frock and taken to see an old gentleman who had played the violin before Marie Antoinette. He actually sat on the knees that had bent before the beautiful, tragic queen, and had surely knelt in prayer for her when the news came that she was sentenced to die.

No Need for House Bells

This same child met the Comte de Flahaut, who was Napoleon's aide-de-camp. A charming, kindly, old-fashioned gentleman he seemed, but there was the steel of courage under that velvet scabbard. The count had been at his master's side on the terrible retreat from Moscow and on the disastrous battlefield of Waterloo.

Almost as interesting were the memories of a great English lady he knew, because they give so sharp an impression of a vanished day. Her father, who was a duke, owned two famous mansions in which there was not a single bell, because footmen were constantly in waiting. From such feudal state to our own days seems a vast journey, but the change did not take as many years to accomplish as we might imagine.

Changed Lives of Royalty

The lives of princes have changed as much as those of footmen. Our Prince of Wales was allowed to go to France as a soldier during the Great War, and he frequently risks his neck in the hunting-field; but Queen Victoria once told Lord Esher that as a child she was never permitted to go downstairs unless someone held her hand.

In her anxiety to make her son worthy of the great office he was to hold she brought him up in a severe atmosphere which was all work and no play. The future King Edward was surrounded by middle-aged men; romping, joking, and young companions were not approved of, and his hours were filled with lessons.

The Vanished Days

One day, when he was a middle-aged man, the King wished to tip someone, and had to borrow the money from Lord Esher. He apologised for having none himself, saying "I was allowed no money as a boy, and got out of the habit of carrying any." Then he corrected himself sadly. "But I had no boyhood," he said.

Lord Esher has called his latest book *Cloud-Capped Towers*, because he writes of days that have vanished as the Cloud-Capped Towers in Shakespeare's prophecy. He sighs as he looks back on the gracious manners, the lovely hostesses, and the leisure of those bygone days. But we do not think he would call them back again if it were to cost one more child the loss of that precious thing King Edward was never allowed to know—his boyhood.

In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

Painting ascribed to Tintoretto	£4305
Painting by Rubens	£1143
First ed. of Burney's <i>Evelina</i>	£320
Old English bracket clock	£294
A Queen Anne bed canopy	£260
A bronze bust by Rodin	£131
A Queen Anne water jug	£70
A Newfoundland 1857 1s. stamp	£62

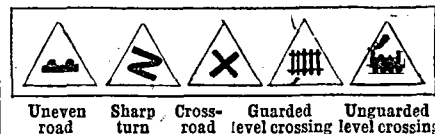
SIGNS OF THE ROAD

The League Lends a Hand

Greater safety on Continental roads will be the result of the meetings of the League Committee on Road Traffic, which have just concluded with an interesting report.

At present crossing frontiers is no light matter for a motorist. Through France and Switzerland he drives on the right-hand side of the road; passing into Austria he finds the left-hand rule in force. In Italy the rule changes from north to south of the country.

Add to this the different systems of signalling and of licensing that are in



Traffic signs proposed by the League

force, and the need for some international agreement to unify the whole system is obvious.

The League Committee recommends triangle signs for danger, oblongs for speed limits, and discs for other notices. The danger signs are picturesque and to the point, and very familiar already in some countries of Europe. Their uniform use over the whole Continent would be a great boon.

As a step toward simplifying road rules Austria has already set an example by deciding to change from the left-hand rule to the right.

ONE WAY TO EDUCATION

The Self-Help Restaurant

Self-help is the motto of a group of Paris students.

High prices and scarce money have driven many of them to copy the American habit of earning money to help to pay college fees and lodging bills. The French Government helps by employing some of them to deliver telegrams at night.

But now they have struck on a still better idea. They have started a self-help restaurant, where they take turns to wait upon each other, thus lessening the price of their food by the cost of a staff of professional waiters.

M. Herriot, Minister of Education, who presided at the opening ceremony, declared himself envious of served and servers, heartily wishing himself back in his student days among them.

OLD JOHN HUNTER

A letter the C.N. has received from a grateful mother whose child's life has been preserved by the skill and care of the doctors and nurses of St. George's Hospital, London, shows how well it is that past benefactors of the present generation should be remembered in print as dates associated with them come round.

The mother writes: "The ward my baby was in was called Hunter, and I wondered why it was so named. Then I saw, outside the hospital, the statue of old John Hunter, and I wished to know more about him. Opening the C.N., I was surprised and pleased to read the story of his life. That, with my experience of the hospital and my gratitude, made me feel how the children of his thought and mind and love have grown."

We lay this little wreath of gratitude and remembrance before the statue of old John Hunter.

KING CHARLES'S HEART

A YELLOW AND BLUE DOUBLE SUN

What Happens as a Star Grows Older

ITS HIGHEST TEMPERATURE

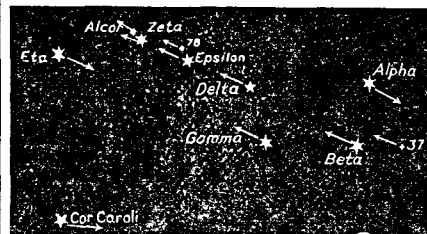
By the C.N. Astronomer

Even in the bright moonlight nights of next week the famous seven stars of Ursa Major, popularly known as The Plough, will be conspicuous overhead. Also the star dedicated to King Charles's Heart, called Cor Caroli.

Our map shows its position relative to The Plough if the observer faces South and then looks above him, between eight and ten o'clock.

Cor Caroli, also known as Alpha in Canes Venatici, is composed of two suns, the larger pale yellow and the other bluish. A small telescope will reveal them.

It is remarkable that in a great number of double stars the larger sun is yellow or reddish in hue, and the smaller



Cor Caroli and the stars of the Plough, the arrows showing their direction in space

one either green, blue, or lilac, a peculiarity arising from the fact that the smaller sun has reached a more advanced stage of stellar evolution. For supposing the suns to have originated and evolved from the same mass of nebulous elements thousands of millions of years ago, by now the lesser sun must have expended a greater proportion of its energy, radiating it away in heat, light, and electro-magnetic activity at a greater rate, the sun contracting in consequence.

It has been found, by mathematical research combined with a close study of the spectrum, or analysed light from multitudes of stars, that the radial pressure outward from the star into space tends to become less in proportion to the star's gravitational pull inward, as the star continues to develop from its original nebulous condition.

Increased contraction, producing diminishing radial pressure and greater gravitational pull, has, of course, the effect of bringing the star's atoms closer together; much more frequent collisions result between the atoms, and so greater heat and light are evolved.

This is found by observation to be the case, and the star grows hotter and brighter with age; but only up to a certain period, when it attains the terrific surface temperature of some 25,000 degrees Centigrade.

The Power of Gravitation

After this period of colossal ebullition, which occupies many millions of years, gravitation appears to attain a greater mastery and to hold the rebellious atoms more together. Fewer particles of the lighter gases escape, and the constant outpouring of corpuscles in the form of light, heat, and electricity becomes more and more reduced, until the star, much contracted, reaches the stage of our Sun, with a temperature of about 6000 degrees Centigrade.

These two suns of Cor Caroli are travelling through space in the direction shown by the arrow on the star-map, apparently together and at the same speed; but so far there has been no evidence of the smaller sun revolving round the larger.

They are at an immense distance from us, 219 light years, or 13,900,000 times as far as the Sun. That they appear so bright proves that they are very much larger suns than ours. G. F. M.

An Exciting Story Crowded With Adventure Begins Next Week

ST. PALFRY'S CROSS

The Tale of a
Lost Inheritance

By
Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 25

On the Knife-Edge

At once David picked up Roach's prints on the snow, for although it was now nearly eight o'clock in the evening there was very little diminishment of the light. Not yet had come the hour of ghostly twilight, when the mists would gather on the precipices below, the ice-walls in the high distance glimmer more faintly till they faded into the sky.

David pressed on; then started at the sound of deep thunder. It was the thunder of an avalanche on the far summits. At intervals he heard this thunder again and every time it startled him with its menace.

He came in sight of Roach at last, himself unseen. Roach was on his hands and knees by a cairn in a patch of big stones.

Then the watcher's heart leaped to his mouth; for that little cairn had been built in the form of a cross, and Roach was tearing feverishly in the snow at its base.

David crouched spellbound, scarcely daring to breathe. Something whispered:

"Do not disturb Roach. Let him do the unearthing. You watch if he finds anything. Then follow him back with it. Don't tackle him here. That's the plan."

It was—to let the thief do the work and then dispossess him.

David now caught behind Roach's body the glint of metal and heard the light peck of an axe. Roach was using his ice axe to break up the frozen earth at the foot of the cairn. And next he bent lower still and scabbled with his hands. A quick, exultant cry followed. Lower and lower over the hole he had made sank Roach's head and shoulders, his arms out of sight. No; as he straightened himself one arm reappeared, and—it held something.

Roach had found! He was hugging his find to his breast. Impossible for David to see what it was. But could any doubt remain that Roach had the treasure? For next he tore feverishly at the cords of his rucksack, wrenched the sack's mouth apart, pushed something in, pressing it, kneading it down; then, drawing the mouth fast, he rose and girded the sack into place on his shoulders. The search was over.

Motionless David crouched. Roach must pass him almost within actual touch to retrace his steps to the Refuge and safety. A hard smile crossed David's lips. Roach might flee from the mountains but he could not escape from his doom in the Refuge. Crippled or not, old Martin would break him in two unless he made free surrender of what he had in his sack.

But Roach did not come down the track. He climbed upward and onward. The bewildered watcher saw his figure receding, and when he had made sure he rose, thinking wildly. Where was Roach going? Had the shock of success turned his brain? Was he marching madly to certain death on the glacier?

Then David's wild thoughts cleared, for Chapelland's chart stood out in every detail upon his brain. Roach was pressing on for the simple reason that he never meant to return to St. Gervais at all. He meant to descend down the other side of the mountain which would bring him into Les Chapieux before night. There he would get a conveyance next morning to Bourg St. Maurice, and make all haste to England. That was his plan.

In a flash David understood this clever, guilty device which harmonised with the lawyer's keen

cunning throughout. Then what was his own course now? He must still pursue Roach.

Absorbed in Roach, he had no eyes for the mountains; had failed to notice the distant ice-walls receding, their glimmer fading till only grey outlines remained. He had been conscious that the coldness of night was descending without noticing that the beauty of night had not come. Now he became aware of a thin floating vapour, and wondered was it only a cloud patch drifting aimlessly down from the summits? Well, it would serve to deaden his footsteps and hide him from Roach. So he thrust on till gradually the mist blotted out his surroundings.

He had lost count of time now. He had lost all sense of direction. Indeed, he had become conscious of very little—of the freezing cold, of the falling night, of his staggering body. Only his will was awake, doggedly driving him forward, guarding him as the sleep-walker's movements are guarded; but the rest of that which was David moved in a stupor. Otherwise his peril would have appalled him.

The man in front saw his own peril—but saw it too late. For Roach had wandered far away from the brow, had lost himself long ago in the deadly mist. Now, the vapour lifting, he peered for the lights of Les Chapieux, which should have come glittering up to him from below. He saw no lights, but he saw a great wall of snow cut from top to bottom by a gully of ice whose monstrous seracs, distorted in the dim light, appeared to beckon to their hideous destruction. And then he stopped abruptly; beads of fright broke on his brow.

He was standing on a thinning knife-edge of track, which fell away on his left in a slope of snow gently inclined but disappearing in an unfathomable crevasse, and on his right to a steeper slope which slid to the rocks. A man pitching on to that slope would be dashed into bits unless by some miracle he could arrest his descent.

Roach's position on this knife-edge was much like that of a man on a tight-rope between the crevasse on one hand and a drop to the rocks on the other.

Roach stood quite still to steady his quivering nerves. Then, when his heart ceased to pound, he began to take off his rucksack in order that its weight might not overbalance him. He had got it off and was lowering it to the ground when he swayed, lost his footing, gave a terrible cry and pitched sideways.

He had fallen on to the steep snow-slide on his right, and very slowly his body began to slide down.

Now, David was just behind when the break in the mist revealed that awful spectacle on the ridge, and at once all his faculties were whipped into life again by the shock of the sight and Roach's terrible cry. David saw his treasure gently rolling toward the crevasse. He saw his enemy being borne down to certain death.

David knew that his treasure was gone irretrievably if the crevasse were allowed to swallow the rucksack. But it would not be hard to crawl down that gentle slope, oh, very carefully, and recover the rucksack before it reached the crevasse. If Roach's body could not be immediately stayed Roach would perish; but there was not a second to lose.

His treasure? Or his enemy's life at the risk of his own?

In the flash of a dream David realised this. He flung his own rucksack off, breathed a quick little prayer, and leaped to his right, leaped over Roach into the snow. Crash he went up to his

waist through its slippery crust. The helpless, agonised figure came sliding toward him. David braced himself; met its shock; rocked a moment; but stayed it. "Don't struggle!" he gasped.

Roach was past struggling; he had fainted.

CHAPTER 26

When the Mists Cleared

Mist. Still mist. But was this the snow on which his fingers were resting? And whose face was this that was coming out of the mist? No, this wasn't snow; it was something fleecy and warm, and that face bending so close was not Roach's face. Where was he?

So David came out of fourteen hours' long sleep, and through this kindly haze of sleep, gradually lifting, he stared stupidly at the face which he could not make out. It was hard and grim, but its lips were shaking, and the eyes beneath its iron-grey hair were all wet.

Oh, he must be dreaming! He was in his room at the farm; but all the same it was funny. The face had moved from his side, but look there at the window! There was unquestionably a straight figure by the window, straight and true as a ramrod, oddly familiar; but it had on a short skirt and thick boots and a jumper. So naturally it couldn't be.

The next time he stirred and drowsily opened his eyes, other faces seemed to come out of the mist. Wasn't that grave and so gentle one Célestin Chapelland's? And wasn't that André grinning behind Madame? And that great beak-nosed face like an eagle's, that must be Martin!

Up in bed jerked David, and slapped at his blankets.

It was the straight-backed old lady who reached his side first. "No, off you go to sleep again," she said grimly.

"Oh, Aunt Deborah! Oh, Aunt Deborah!" he just uttered.

But first they made Chapelland tell the story.

"It was my son André who saved you," he remarked quietly. "Albeit," he added, pausing a moment to twinkle, "not yet has my André kept that so famous fête day. Eh, bien! When he does, we shall tell M'sieur Roach. Well, when evening had come without you, André grew anxious. So he took Ernest with ropes and lights, and they climbed to the Col. In the nick of time they found you and drew you both up."

"Nay, it was nothing," said André, and slipped from the room.

"In the morning, early, they brought Martin down from the Refuge. My faith!" chuckled Chapelland. "He is the tough one!"

"You haven't told me, Aunt Deborah, how you came to be here." "Fiddlesticks!" snapped Aunt Deborah in a gruff voice. "Nonsense and rubbish! Must an old woman begin to account for her movements? Still, if you must know, I always intended to follow as soon as I could arrange my affairs with Trelawney and buy myself these appalling clothes to come out in."

And she glanced with disgust at her short skirt; then swung round fiercely to see if she caught Martin smiling. But Chapelland's tough one sat as grave as an image, staring at the bandaged leg propped in front of him.

"And Roach?" David breathed. "Safe and off to England," returned the indomitable old lady. "But he confessed first. His affairs were in such a bad state that nothing but a fortune would put them straight."

She hurried on, beginning to clip her sentences.

"They had been friends, remember, Roach and your father. Your father wrote he had sold his ranch, felt the money unsafe in Australia, was bringing it over to hide 'by St. Palfry's Cross.' But the letter didn't say where St. Palfry's Cross was. 'And I'm not telling anyone where it is,' wrote your father, 'until I'm ready to die; then I'll write down its whereabouts and send them by hand to my son.'"

Aunt Deborah paused.

"Your father dies," she went on. "Roach has inquiries made, traces Martin to England, naturally thinks Martin's message says where the cross is, determines to rob him of it, and we know the rest."

"But I don't!" cried David.

"How did Roach trace the cross?"

"All along he felt sure that the cross was in England, until it flashed on him suddenly ten days ago that once, when he and your father were climbing the Bonhomme, your father had declared jokingly that one day he'd build a cairn there and christen it after Palfry, a favourite pony he'd lost. Well, Roach remembered this and soon fitted the rest in. Your father's dash to Europe, a secret climb to the Col to build the cairn, hide the treasure. Roach realised that this would be just like your father, just like his odd humour to set you a climb for your fortune. But I'm inclined to think," continued Aunt Deborah, "that your father, poor soul, chose that very eccentric method in order to make you as fond of the mountains as he was."

David kept silence a minute. Then he asked steadily: "Did Roach's rucksack go to the bottom of the crevasse?"

"Yes," said Aunt Deborah, with a great, solemn sigh.

Then whatever should she do but swing round, discreetly and pluck an envelope from a famous secret pocket.

"But your treasure didn't!" said she, while David stared, gasping. "Under the cairn Roach had found a small iron box," she explained. "It was locked. The key was attached. He crammed both into his rucksack just as they were. But, being afraid when the mist came that he might have to abandon his rucksack, he opened the box and transferred what it held to his pocket. What it held was this envelope. Open it, David!"

Inside was a banker's receipt for forty-three thousand pounds, and a memorandum signed by the bank that this sum would be handed to the bearer of the receipt.

They heard a movement. Old Martin had struggled to his feet and was looking in front of him with fixed, far-away eyes.

"Master"—his lips were moving, "I have kept faith."

THE END

Who Was He?

A Great Conqueror

ONE of the world's great conquerors lived in a country remote from Europe, yet his fame has echoed throughout the Earth for more than five hundred years.

He was born in a land where everyone is a horseman, and in those days everyone was a soldier. It was the great plain that lies between the Caspian Sea and the mountains of Central Asia.

When he became a mighty ruler he made the romantic city of Samarkand, in Turkestan, his capital. His father was a tribal chief, but not a warrior. It was the time when the religion of Mohammed was spreading in Central Asia, and his father was one of the first converts. Not till he was twenty-two did the son engage in war. Till then he was thought of as a studious youth, though he was clever in all physical exercises.

He then became the leader of a thousand horsemen, and began a career of conquest that made him chief of all the tribes that lived on the plain between the River Oxus and the mountains of Central Asia. The sham glory of conquest seemed to possess him, and he set out to enlarge his dominions on every side.

Westward his horsemen advanced to the borders of Europe, to the Ural Mountains, the River Volga, and the Hellespont. Southward he conquered nearly the whole of Persia, and to the south-west the ancient lands that had been Babylon long before. Bagdad was occupied by him, and Kerbela on the border of Arabia.

Then, when he was over sixty, he planned a descent on India, and reached and captured Delhi.

Afterwards he fought with the Turks, captured Damascus, and seized and imprisoned their sultan, who had slain one of his envoys. The Egyptians had helped the Syrians against him, and when he turned upon them they hastily surrendered to him princes who had fled to them for refuge; and the Egyptian ruler did homage to him as his overlord. Though he was now in his seventieth year this fierce old conqueror planned an invasion of China, but died before it was begun. He was buried in Samarkand in an ebony coffin.

Early accounts of what this man was like vary. His friends say he was wise and liberal as well as bold. His enemies thought of him as a monster.

Romance makes him magnificent and ruthless. Undoubtedly he was lame. His nickname says so, and the name he most frequently goes by preserves the fact. Here is his portrait. What is his name?



Clean, Healthy Adventure Stories for Boys

Every boy likes CHUMS, the grand old weekly paper that his father liked before him. It is always packed with thrilling adventure stories and the sort of articles on games and hobbies that every manly boy likes best. Buy this week's issue and see for yourself how good it is.

CHUMS

Every Saturday, 2d.



We Build the Ladder By Which We Rise



THE BRAN TUB

Hidden Trees

IN each of the following sentences is hidden the name of a tree. Can you find all of them?

We have booked rooms at the Hotel Metropole.

Will you do a kind deed for me this morning?

The man was a spendthrift without a doubt.

The busy movements of the bee charmed us.

The children went into the shop to inquire if iron hoops were sold there.

He climbed up the mast as high as the cross-trees.

The unusual architecture of the building attracted much attention.

The field of rye waving in the wind made a pleasing spectacle.

He used to drop in every day for a short chat.

They began to hum a pleasing melody.

Answer next week

The C.N. Natural Portrait Gallery



The Civet

The characteristics of the Civet agree to a certain extent with those of the cat, but its body is longer and its legs are shorter than in our friend of the hearth. It is a fierce and active animal and reminds us again of the cat in its fondness of birds, which, with small mammals, form the chief items of its diet. The picture shows the Masked Civet, which is found in China.

Ici On Parle Français



Le port Le lièvre Le bouton

Il y a un phare à l'entrée du port
Le lièvre court plus vite que nous
Tourne le bouton et ouvre la porte

A Changed Word

I AM a floating object made up of four letters; change my first and I am a garment; change my second and I am an action; change my third and I am something for fastening a door; change my last and I am a wild animal.

Answer next week

Changling

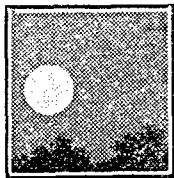
M	I	L	K
C	U	R	D



Change the word Milk into Curd with six intervening links, altering one letter at a time and making a common word with each change. The pictures will help you.

Answer next week

Other Worlds Next Week



shows the Moon as seen looking South at 9 o'clock on Wednesday night, April 4.

A Roman Way

THE Romans had a curious way of guarding against diseases caused by climate. Each of their soldiers received a ration of vinegar sufficient for several days, and took a few drops of it in his drinking water.

Is Your Name Dennis?

THIS surname, according to Dr. Weekley, is from Le Daneis, meaning an inhabitant of Denmark, and no doubt the far-back ancestors of the English people named Dennis today were Danes, who may have come over at the time of the Danish conquests, or later as emigrants.

A Riddle in Rhyme

IN the comma but not in the stop,
In the shovel but not in the mop,
In the prying but not in the peep,
In the shallow but not in the deep,
In the pencil but not in the lead,
In the shelter but not in the shed,
In the meadow but not in the field,
In the giving but not in the yield,
In the glimmer but not in the light,
You hear a drone when my whole comes in sight.

Answer next week

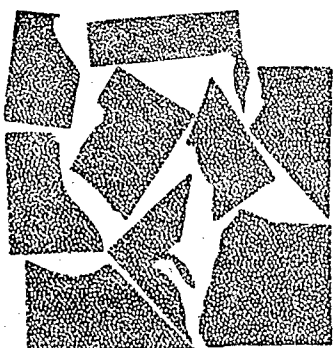
Next Week's Nature Calendar

THE snipe is heard piping. The cuckoo is heard. The redstart appears. The newt is seen. The death-watch beetle is heard. The gudgeon spawns. Spiders' webs are seen on the surface of the ground. The cowslip, ground ivy, box, gooseberry, currant, pear, dog's mercury, wych elm, ladies' smock, and black-thorn come into flower. The elm begins to show its leaves.

How the Raglan Coat Got Its Name

A RAGLAN is a loose and light kind of overcoat with very full sleeves, but formerly it was a sleeveless coat with a full cape which was worn at the time of the Crimean War and was named after Lord Raglan, the British general.

Black and White Jig-Saw



Cut out or trace very carefully these shapes and then rearrange them so as to form a horse. The figure will be white on a dark background.

Answer next week

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1928	1927
London	6085	5975
Glasgow	1733	1873
Liverpool	1513	1490
Birmingham	1396	1426
Manchester	1072	1067
Dublin	827	882
Edinburgh	569	616
Bradford	365	346
Cardiff	354	340
Brighton	160	178
Preston	127	149
Exeter	85	88

The four weeks are up to Feb. 25, 1928.

Jacko Has To Pay

JACKO wasn't at all pleased when he had an invitation to his friend Chimp's birthday party. He was very fond of Chimp, and he didn't mind parties of a kind. It was the word Games in the corner of the invitation card that upset him.

"That means Musical Chairs and Blind Man's Buff," he said crossly. "I'm not going!"

"Of course you must go," declared Mrs. Jacko firmly.

"Well, there may be a good tea," said Jacko hopefully.

All the same, when the day came he arrived at Chimp's house feeling as cross as two sticks.

He looked so gloomy that even Chimp's mother noticed it.

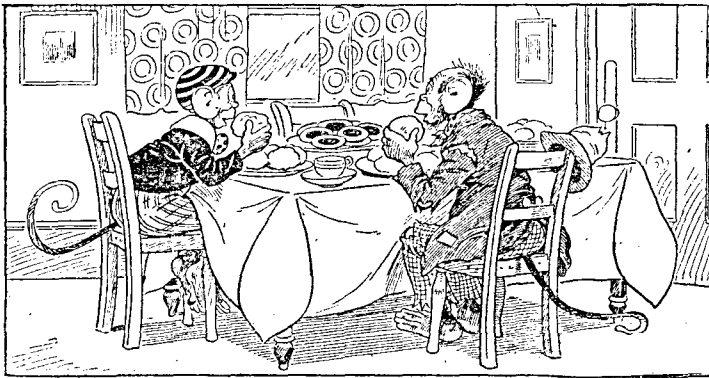
"I expect you're feeling a bit shy, dear," she said kindly.

"When's tea?" Jacko asked rudely. But fortunately Mrs. Chimp didn't hear that; she was too busy arranging a game of Musical Chairs.

"I knew we should have to play this silly game!" growled Jacko, as he ran round the chairs. And he was even less pleased when a game of Hunt the Slipper followed; in fact, he was in such a furious temper by the time the slipper came to him that, instead of passing it on to his neighbour, he threw the wretched thing clean through the window.

Mrs. Chimp got very red in the face.

"You are a very naughty little boy!" she said severely.



Jacko was beginning to enjoy the party at last

"I shall send you home without your tea. Fetch that slipper in from the street, and then off you go!"

Jacko went off—very willingly! But on his way out of the house he passed the room in which a scrumptious tea had been laid out, and his smile died away.

"Coo! What a shame to miss that!" he said, as he ran off.

The slipper was there right enough. It was in the hands of a tramp, who was looking at it in amazement.

"Can you tell me where I can get the other one?" he asked Jacko. "Came out of the sky, it did, and hit me on the head. If I could only get the pair I could sell 'em and get a good meal."

"I don't know where the other slipper is," said Jacko, "but I do know where you can get a good meal. Come inside!" And he took the astonished tramp into Mrs. Chimp's house and showed him the tea all laid out on the table.

"Is this all for me, young sir?" asked the tramp.

"Part of it!" said Jacko, seizing a plate of cream buns. He was beginning to enjoy the party at last.

But his satisfaction didn't last long, for Mrs. Chimp, hearing a strange voice, came out to see who was there.

One look at her face and the tramp took to his heels. Jacko tried to follow. But in his haste he caught his foot in the hearthrug and fell. He went down with such a crash that Mrs. Chimp hadn't the heart to say a word to him. But she gave a sigh of relief when she saw him go limping away down the drive.

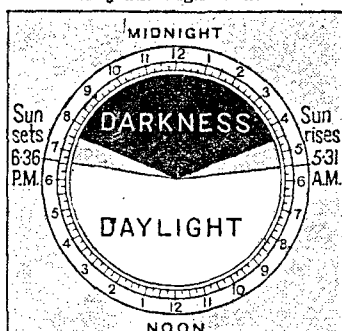
Many Words From One

I AM a word of six letters, meaning a festival which comes with Spring:

- My 1, 2, 6 is a part of everyone.
- My 2, 4, 1 is consumed.
- My 3, 1, 2 has a very great area.
- My 3, 1, 4 is always complete.
- My 6, 2, 4 is a rodent.
- My 4, 1, 2 is to drink.
- My 1, 2, 3, 4 is in one direction.
- My 3, 1, 2, 4 is a piece of furniture.
- My 3, 4, 2, 6 shines out at night.
- My 3, 5, 2, 6 makes us shake our hands.
- My 4, 6, 5, 1 is caressed by the wind.
- My 3, 4, 5, 1, 6 is an ox.
- My 4, 1, 2, 6 may show unhappiness.
- My 6, 5, 3, 4 is what remains.
- What am I?

Answer next week

Day and Night Chart



Darkness, twilight, and daylight in the middle of next week. The daylight grows longer each day.

DR. MERRYMAN

The Safe Side

You know, Mother, the little eiderdown quilt that you told me not to take?

Yes, why?

I have hidden it.

What for?

So that I shall not be able to take it again.

The Main Point



SQUIRE Lion's life, no doubt, would give To most of us a pain; But, roaming through his native wilds, He's happy in the mane!

Getting His Own Back

TOTO, six years old, insists on singing while being put to bed. It is not the variety of his repertory but his piercing voice that hurts. So each time he gets scolded.

"Be quiet, Toto; you will awaken your little sister."

But the other night it was the little sister who, being tormented with teething, was crying and whimpering in her bed.

So Toto called admonishingly to her: "Be quiet, Arlette; you will wake me up."

Another Channel Swimmer

AN adventurous Barbary Ape Resolved that he'd swim to the Cape.

But on landing in France He exclaimed: Here's my chance! 'Tis to Dover my course I will shape.

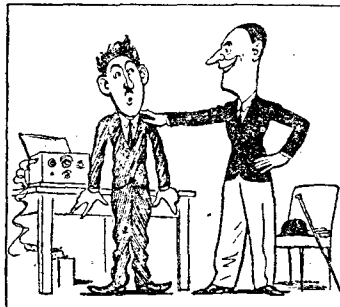
Oh, no!

I'm so sorry, did I tread on your foot that time?

Oh, no, not that time.

The Oscillator

From the B.B.C.'s Picture Gallery



Tell him of the awful risks run by an oscillator.

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

Cross Word Puzzle

Here is the answer to last week's cross word puzzle.

A Word Diamond

M
SON
MONEY
NET
Y

BLACK	SHINE
RILL	REDEN
EM	ADDED
AERIE	AGAPE
DUMPTIES	D
AB	LOW
A	LEONINE
CLEAR	GERMS
IE	TEASE
DATE	N DUDE
SNORE	ASPEN

A Puzzle in Rhyme. Barometer.

Behead and Curtail

R-ice, plum-b, s-park, g-room, sea-m, w-heel, pin-e, s-tar, hum-p, d-ray, b-race, ten-t.

A Hidden Bird

Tomato, dUCK, IANe—toucan.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

March 31, 1928

Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere inland and abroad for 11s. a year. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted anywhere except Canada for 14s. 6d. a year; Canada, 14s. See below.

CHILDREN'S MOTOR RACE · A BERLIN MOSQUE · LITTLE BOAT'S BIG SAILS



The Afghan King—This is a portrait of King Amanullah, who is visiting England.



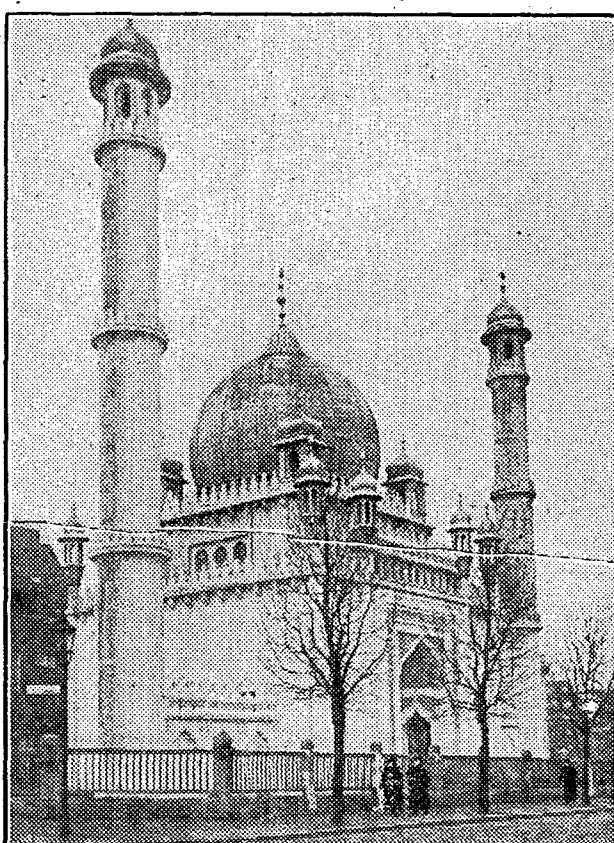
A Motor Race for Children—Many boys and girls took part in a model motor-car race which was held at Merton, London, recently. Some of the competitors are here seen rounding a bend.



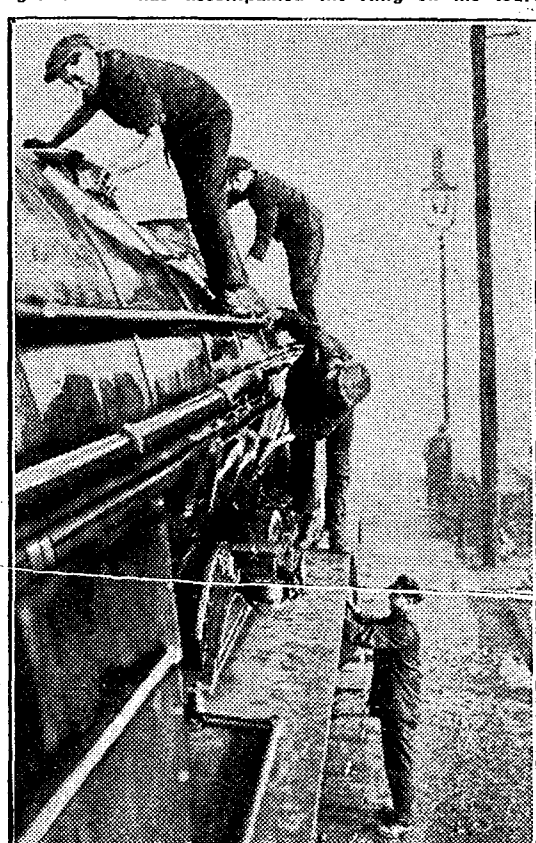
Queen Souriya—The Queen of Afghanistan has accompanied the King on his tour.



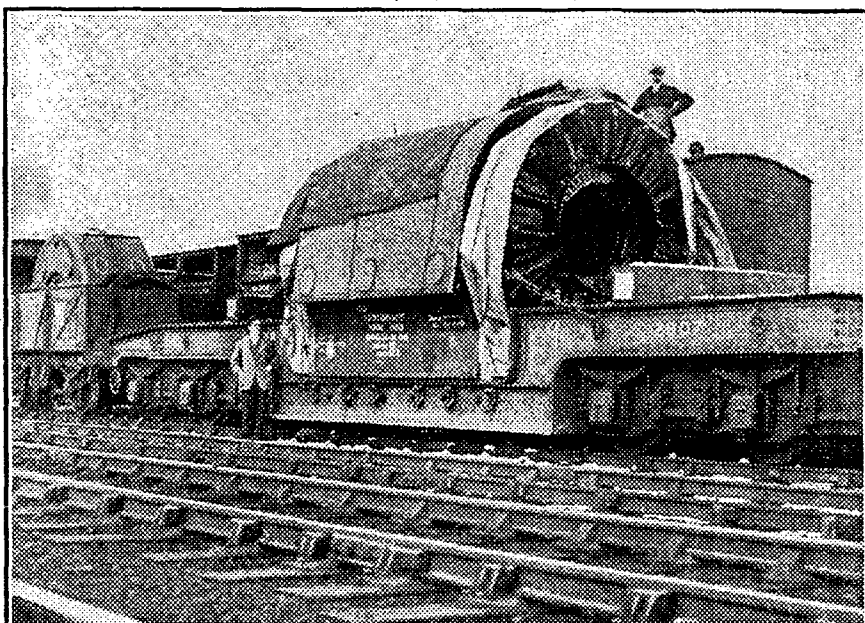
Winning the Pole Jump—In this picture we see G. P. Faust, an American student, winning the pole jump in good style at the Oxford University sports held the other day.



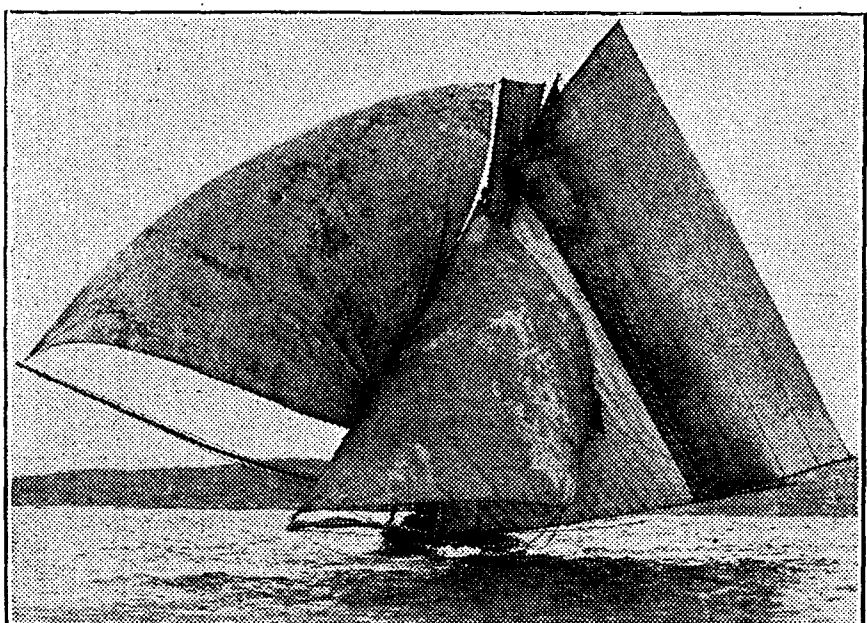
A Mosque in Berlin—Visitors to the German capital will now be surprised to see the minarets and dome of a Mohammedan mosque. This picture shows the new building, which has just been opened.



An Engine's Toilet—Giant passenger locomotives require a great deal of work to keep them clean, and here we see four men smartening up a big L.N.E.R. engine at King's Cross.



A Big Load for the Railway—This 70-ton electric stator when brought from Newcastle to London projected over the adjoining lines, so 270 miles of track had to be kept clear.



Big Sails for a Little Boat—This picture from Sydney Harbour was taken during a race for 18-foot boats, and shows the amount of sail that even a small boat can carry on a good day.

WHAT THE GREEKS GAVE THE WORLD—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR APRIL

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